THE LIVING AGE.

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HYMN TO DEATH.

Great Herald of the throne-room of the King,
How many voices hast thou? For not all
Souls that thou callest tremble at thy call.
To some thou art the first gleam of the Spring,
A long-desired and very golden thing!
Whose soul is white, his fear of thee is small
Who art the reed that Sin hath dipped in gall!
O strange-eyed angel with the radiant wing,
Pass at my hour cool fingers thro' my hair,
And smooth out all the pucker'd lines of care,
And softly disentangle without pain
My soul from her corruptible domain!

For One there is hath conquered thee, O Death;
Hath hurl'd thee, King of Terrors, from thy throne,
Making thy will obedient to His own,
And breathing sweetness even to thy breath!
'Tis He, who now thy stroke admonisheth,
Who once 'neath thy dominion made no moan!
'Tis He, whose brow was meek, tremendous grown
Claimeth thy sovereignty, and conquereth!
Thou too art signèd with the Cross! Thy hand
Holdeth the pure white symbol of God's land.
Thou dost annunciate the end of woe,
As Gabriel to God's Mother long ago!

So shouldst thou woo me from love's dear delight,
Or snatch me in a whirlwind from my wavs,
Or wean my lips thro' dim and dwindling days
From this world's breast, or kiss me soft o' night;
Or shouldst thou meet me on Pain's lonely height,
Where all too oft the weary flesh betrays,
Yet shall my lips be tremulous with praise
To Him whose mercy far transcends thy might.
Hark, hark, 'tis Death that from the sacristy
Cometh with strength of solemn litany,
Asperging with the dew of holy tears
Our souls from all the dross of mortal years! . . .

R. A. Eric Shepherd.

THE FIRST SNOW.

Not yet was winter come to earth's soft floor,
The tideless wave, the warm white road, the shore,
The serried town whose small street tortuously
Led darkling to the dazzling sea;

Not yet to breathing man, not to his song,
Not to his comforted heart, not to the long
Close-cultivated lands beneath the hill.
Summer was gently with them still.

But on the Apennine mustered the cloud;
The grappling Storm shut down. Aloft, aloud,
Ruled secret Tempest one long day and night,
Until another morning's light.

Oh, tender mountain-tops and delicate,
Where summer-long the westering sunlight sate!
Within that fastness darkened from the sun,
What solitary things were done?

The clouds let go; they rose, they winged away.
Snow-white the altered mountains faced the day
As Saints who keep their counsel sealed and fast,
Their anguish over-past.

Alice Meynell.

THE UNITED STATES AND ANGLO-GERMAN RIVALRY.

American life is still too intense, the problems of its economic development, and the relations between the individual and the State, still too unsettled, to have fostered an interest in the nation at large, in questions of foreign policy which are no less far-reaching in their nature, because not visibly oppressive. Yet the recent vast extension in foreign trade, and the gradual industrial evolution of the country, coupled with the growth of population, causing American exports to be increasingly manufactures, and decreasingly agricultural, must inevitably bring about an augmenting attention to questions of external order. Already, within the last decade, this has become noticeable in the importance which the so-called "Open Door" in China, and the relations with Latin America have assumed before the public eye. In both instances, trade, present and future, has been the foundation and the objective of interest. The political cloak assumed, in the one case, by often repeated formulas regarding the integrity of China, in the other by the Monroe Doctrine and American sisterhood, has covered the very legitimate self-interest presented by the extension of commercial relations and the growth of the nation's influence.

Beyond this, however, watchfulness ceased. The affairs of Europe, picturesque and weighty as they appeared, yet seemed to have no immediate visible relation to the United States. In whatever direction might lie natural sympathies, the country as a whole remained unaware that its own interests were in any way concerned or affected by the future of the European problem and indifferent thereto. A traditional disinterestedness continued as potent a formula of statecraft as half a century ago, without Americans realizing that altered conditions rendered necessary a modification of this attitude, and that the vast extension of international interests and the complexity of modern life no longer permitted former isolation. While the country had consciously altered its political, strategical and economic situation in the world by the creation of new oversea interests and the industrial growth of a century, it yet cherished the illusion of being able to preserve intact diplomatic ideas that had long since served their time. The belief prevailed that since in Europe, America had no territorial interests nor ambition, it had likewise no solicitude and could with impunity remain indifferent to whatever occurred on its political plane.

A brief retrospect suggests, however, ample proof to the contrary. The European balance of power has been such a permanent factor since the birth of the republic that Americans have never realized how its absence would have affected their political status. The national existence was first brought about by European dissension. When Pitt resisted Napoleon, the justifiable irritation felt against British high-handedness at sea caused Americans to forget that England's fight was in reality their own, and that the undisputed master of Europe would not have been long in finding pretexts to reacquire the Louisiana territory which, except for England, he would never have relinquished. When the Holy Alliance endeavored to concentrate the power of Europe under the banner of legitimacy and divine right, Canning, by inspiring the Monroe Doctrine, interposed an effective restraint in the Western Hemi-

sphere, and in the often-quoted phrase, "called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old."

Fifty years later, had England joined France in recognizing the Confederacy or in her abortive Mexican adventure, the history of the United States might have run a different course. At no time since the foundation of the Republic could a change materially altering the ancient European balance of power have been brought about without perceptibly affecting American interests and the position of the United States. Even to-day, in spite of the enormous increase in the country's resources and population, this political axiom holds as true as it did in the period of national formation and weakness. The undisputed paramountcy of any nation, both by land and sea, must inevitably make that Power a menace and a peril to every other country. In the words of a distinguished Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, were the career of a Napoleon ever again to approach or even to threaten repetition, not merely sentiment and sympathy, but the strongest consideration of self-preservation and self-defence might compel the United States to take sides. It may therefore be of interest to survey the forces of war and peace to-day at work in Europe and see if there lies any menace to that balance of power, the preservation of which is essential to its national security.

At a time when arbitration and peace movements have assumed an unprecedented importance, it is a curious commentary on the age that there should likewise be so vast an increase of armaments and military preparation. The same scepticism in abstract justice, the same belief in the possible imminence of a great conflict, the same desire on the part of every nation to be the arbiter of its own political fortunes is apparent throughout the world. A feeling of unrest, moreover, has spread over Europe, and the inflammable state of its public opinion is everywhere noticeable. The modern conception of the nation in arms, and the prolonged situation of a peace constantly more prepared for war is not the only cause for the existence of this spirit. The fresh taxation imposed by economically wasteful armaments at the same time as nations find themselves increasingly compelled to embark on extensive and expensive programmes of social reform, have contributed to augment the cost of life and the consequent dissatisfaction. There is, moreover, a growing discontent throughout Europe with the system of parliamentarism and certain results of representative Government. France, England, and Germany are all experiencing this, though for different causes and with different purposes in view. To a nation confronted by internal difficulties the diversion of an energetic foreign policy appealing to a united patriotism is always a possible alternative. That it has rarely been abused stands to the credit of European statesmanship. But in any survey of the existing situation, particularly on the Continent, it lurks in the background as a dangerous possibility.

It remains an anomaly that modern democratic government has been no more peaceful than former absolutism. Moltke's prophecy that popular rule enhanced the likelihood of war was correct. The situation lately witnessed in the parliamentary discussion over the Moroccan agreement in both Germany and France, where the leaders of political parties were far more combative and unyielding than their Government, proved significant, though in the one instance hostility was directed against England, while in the other it was against the readiness of the French Government to compromise. The high sensitiveness of a proud people, the confidence in its own strength, and the

critical and often malignant scrutiny to which every Government is now exposed from within, are all factors contributing to embitter the atmosphere of international relations by stiffening the attitude of those in power.

Various elements have thus contributed to bring about the present state of restlessness and uncertainty in Europe. Nor are other signs wanting to confirm this. Like the flight of birds before a storm, some indication of the belief in the likelihood of an impending conflict may be gathered from the recent efforts on the part of the smaller European States to preserve their neutrality and their independence in the event of the greater Powers going to war. Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, and Switzerland, have each quite recently taken stock of their position in such event, and embarked on fresh military or naval programmes to increase the national security. A wave of renewed militarism and nationalism has spread over Europe. France, where it had lain dormant for years, is now witnessing an intense revival provoked by the recent difficulties with Germany over Morocco, and excited by its splendid success in aviation. In Russia the painful awakening after the Manchurian War, has led to a reorganized Army and the construction of a new Navy. In Austria-Hungary the difficulties attending the late annexation prompted a military reform, while gratitude to Germany for the assistance rendered during that crisis, has led to an extensive battleship programme and awakened for the first time naval ambition. Italy again, whatever be the future of her newly designed African Empire, realizes that she has condemned herself during many years to come to a vastly increased expenditure for armaments

The sources of European unrest could, however, be more lightly dismissed without the antagonism between Great Britain and Germany. In spite of the attempts made on both sides to explain it away, and to dwell on the pacific disposition animating the construction of new "Dreadnoughts," this remains as an irreducible fact obscuring the political horizon. Nor should it be regarded as a mere contest for commercial supremacy on the part of two countries, one seeking to preserve, the other to gain new markets. Intelligent Germans are the first to recognize that neither their merchants nor their trade suffer in British Colonies. Beneath it lies the deeply conscious rival ambition of two great nations, the one to maintain undiminished the heritage conquered by its forebears, the other to obtain the place "under the sun" which it regards as its right. And the magnitude of this issue is enhanced by the hardly lesser constellations gravitating around the rivals, each with its own historic traditions and interests, but who have realized comparative security in a system which finds its political expression in the series of alliances and understandings forming the balance of modern Europe.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the grave danger of the present relations between Great Britain and Germany lies in the fact that there is no real difficulty between the two Powers. Where a concrete obstacle stands in the way, by compromise and mutual goodwill it may be removed. In recent years, the Anglo-French and Anglo-Russian negotiations, by a judicious policy of give-and-take, smoothed out through diplomatic means the colonial rivalry of a century. But between Germany and England similar adjustment is impossible. Their antagonism presents nothing concrete save rival ambition. Both Powers are logical and right in their attitude. From England's point of view she is carrying

out her traditional policy of wellnigh four centuries. Whether set forth by an Elizabethan Cecil or a modern Lloyd George, whether directed against a Spanish Armada, the ambition of Louis XIV., the legions of Napoleon, or the might of William II., the purpose is the same. The same causes have made her the enemy of France and Russia, and the friend of Prussia, which make her to-day the friend of Russia and France and the adversary of a united Germany seeking oversea expansion.

The position of Germany is no less logical. Having achieved her unity and imperial position by blood and iron, there is no reason why she should abandon the element of armed force which has been the mainspring of her triumph. Patriotic Germans may differ among themselves whether an increased naval programme is advisable, but the nation is practically united with regard to the importance of maintaining her military supremacy, both by reason of an exposed central continental position and because of the unhealed wound inflicted on her Western neighbor. It is no fault of Germany if her strength is so huge that Europe trembles when she moves. Nor is she to blame if in the quest for new outlets all efforts at expansion under her own flag are thwarted by the Colonial Empires of her rivals. The unfortunate position of Germany in this respect is readily apparent, but less obvious is any peaceful remedy compatible with the interests of neutrals. The suggestion lately advanced of compensation in the Congo, or in the Portuguese Colonies, even if practicable would only be a later cause of difficulty. It might delay, but could not arrest, the growing antagonism between two great countries in their struggle for supremacy. The appetite for Colonies is fed on what it consumes, and a justifiable desire for more suitable frontiers or enlarged boundaries would be the inevitable result of such surrender. What on one side could be regarded as generosity, would on the other be interpreted as weakness, with the invitation for subsequent aggression brought about by the pressure of strength.

There is no desire herein to criticize Germany. Her action, present and prospective, is that of a great nation conscious of its force, but conscious also of the limitations of its present exercise and of having arrived too late in the field of colonial enterprise and conquest. On the side of Germany there should, however, be less irritation at the acts of other Powers desiring to preserve their own, and unwilling to diminish an Empire won by the valor and foresight of their ancestors.

Although the Anglo-German antagonism finds sources of friction in Africa, its essence is far more metropolitan than colonial, and its character psychological more than commercial. The feeling of hostile antagonism exists to-day among the English and German people to a greater extent than in their Governments. The latter realize vividly the terrific responsibility of such a conflict, the magnitude of the interests involved, the catastrophic nature alike of victory or defeat. In the fact that neither can wish to precipitate this contest lies the surest hope for peace.

Mutual hesitations exist which must counsel prudence. The prestige of Germany and of the Hohenzollern dynasty, acquired by war but fortified by peace, is too great to risk everything in a struggle which if unsuccessful would shake the foundations of the throne. German military science has as its axiom, moreover, to embark on no war unless certain of success; while the destruction of its seagoing commerce is accepted as inevitable. France had in the past appeared to Germany as the

hostage for England. But even in this, victory no longer seems as certain as before. In the eyes of experienced observers, the German Army has deteriorated in recent years, and the French has commensurately improved. Now that the latter is no longer honeycombed by dissension its still-existing superiority in artillery and its new development of aviation give it certain advantages over the greater numerical strength of Germany. For the first time also since Waterloo England is able to throw a military force of consequence on continental soil. The six British divisions of professional soldiers equipped for foreign service and ready for early mobilization, are to-day a fact which Germany cannot fail to consider, and which should contribute toward remedying any inferiority in men from which France would suffer. The fields of Belgium may again witness a struggle where the descendants of Napoleon and Wellington's men will this time stand side by side against Blücher's.

If the uncertainty of victory on land as on sea thus imposes a restraint on the German warlike spirit, the tremendous consequences of a conflict likewise speaks for prudence in Great Britain. The peril of a contest which would be a matter of life and death to her, the terrific sacrifices entailed even in the event of victory, the risk of starvation at home in case of disasters at sea, the possibility of invasion, the destruction of the Empire if defeated, are all nightmares to appal the most venturesome statesman.

There is little danger that, conscious of these grave responsibilities any German or British Government would do aught to precipitate a conflict of such gigantic proportions however favorable the moment might appear. But there is serious danger lest in an atmosphere as surcharged as is the present, with the deep-rooted feeling of hostility existing on both sides, some petty cause of friction, or some paltry colonial quarrel, inflaming public opinion, should induce either Government to prefer a foreign contest which it might regard as inevitable to domestic humiliation. The explosion provoked by the so-called Agadir incident, which brought three nations to the verge of war for a few square miles of Moroccan sand, is significant of the intensity of feeling aroused, and of the pregnancy of danger. Future war or peace is to-day in the hands of the English and German people far more than in that of their Governments. The decision rests with them not to goad the latter into assuming positions or advancing pretensions from which honorable retreat will have become impossible.

Whatever be the future of this situation a far-sighted statesmanship compels the United States, as it does every other nation, to take cognizance of the possibility of a conflict breaking out in the near future between Great Britain and Germany, and to consider in what manner its interests would be affected. It is an easy remedy to repeat the old adage about American proverbial non-interference in European affairs. With all respect toward a policy which in the past has been thoroughly sound, it cannot be said in this instance to offer a complete panacea. A struggle between the two nations, even though it did not set ablaze the rest of Europe, cannot leave America indifferent. In too many regions of the world would its interests be affected by such reality.

It would withal be absurd to deduce from this that the United States would be dragged into a war against all inclination. The alternative of arms is no necessary consequence of diplomatic interest, and in such a conflict direct participation would with proper precautions be most unlikely. This

should not, however, excuse any neglect on the part of Americans to consider the various political, strategic, and economic points of view in different regions of the world, where such struggle would react upon them, or how the balance of power, which it should be the policy of the United States to preserve in Europe, would be affected by the contest. An indication of its wide-reaching nature independent of the actual field of hostilities, would, for instance, be presented in the Far East, where the even temporary withdrawal of European influence would leave America face to face with a commensurately more powerful Japan. To say nothing of the Philippines the situation thus created depends on the degree of stability and strength attained by China. It is not difficult, however, to conceive of circumstances where to ensure respect for the often pledged integrity of that State would lead the United States toward a course of action which it would be obliged to adopt singlehanded, and without the benefit of such diplomatic support as in the past it has received from friendly Powers.

Omitting from consideration the extent to which the almost inevitable conflagration would affect the world in a conflict between Great Britain and Germany, three general possibilities are open: (1) The victory of the former; (2) The reverse; (3) A war of indefinite result.

So far as America is concerned, the first alternative would be the least likely to materially alter the existing status. England might conceivably recover a pecuniary indemnity and deal a death-blow to German oversea commerce. But the German Colonies are not such as to sensibly attract a conqueror, nor would a change in their title affect other nations in any way. While the predominant position of Germany upon the European Continent would be shattered, the balance of power would hardly be affected, even though the disposition of its weight were altered. The insular position of Great Britain debars her from continental ambitions, and any attempt to assert herself in such manner would both run counter to all her traditions and be stoutly resisted by former allied States. It is fortunate that in modern times no nation has succeeded in being paramount on both land and sea. Great Britain has hitherto refrained from unduly developing her military strength and there is no reason to anticipate that flushed by victory she would adopt a different course. Her naval superiority, which is a matter of life and death, menaces no one though it bars the way to Germany, already supreme on land. But for America it represents an essential element in the maintenance and stability of the European balance of power.

If the terms of peace after such a war were to be dictated in London, the situation as it affected the United States would be radically reversed. While defeat for Germany might prove disastrous for the dynasty, for Great Britain it would be fatal to the Empire whose disintegration would almost inevitably ensue. It is apparent that the fate of Canada and the British possessions in America immediately concern the Republic. Of Canadian loyalty to the Empire there is here no question. It is certain that like the other self-governing British Colonies, she would to the best of her ability support the Mother Country. But if the fortune of war prove adverse, there is no reason to suppose that Canada would long continue under the control, however nominal, of a parent State deprived of prestige and authority, and ruined by an unsuccessful war.

Nor is it necessary to proceed so far. The active participation of Canada in such conflict would by its very nature

invite reprisals. If after a series of disasters Great Britain should be crushed and her fleet destroyed or captured, Canada could not by herself stand up against an all-powerful enemy, and the fate of the Crown Colonies would be even more immediate. A strong appeal would in all likelihood be made for American protection, which could hardly fail to awaken generous response. The consequence of any such action on the part of the United States is apparent, reinforced, moreover, by an alternative which in contradiction to the Monroe Doctrine would ask it to countenance a transfer of sovereignty upon the American Continent for the benefit of a European Power hitherto deprived of such possession.

Without going to the length of such extreme conclusions, a third and more likely possibility would be that of a contest long drawn out between the two countries wherein neither could obtain decisive advantage. In spite of the paper proof that a lengthy war presents to-day an economic impossibility there is no practical evidence to substantiate this theory, and there are distinguished economists who believe that the modern system of credit is peculiarly adapted to facilitate the prolongation of war. When poor countries, like Japan and Russia, have been able to maintain in the field for a considerable duration armies of almost unprecedented size, there is no reason to suppose that the pinch of poverty alone would materially hasten the conclusion of a contest between England and Germany. The financial aspect of this is also likely to concern America. If the struggle should be protracted, extensive borrowing will have to be undertaken, and New York is more and more becoming one of the money markets of the world. It is probable that it will be called upon, possibly by both sides, to furnish pecuniary assistance, even though the obligations of strict neutrality are somewhat questionable on this point.

The extended duration of the war may be expected from the policy Germany would presumably adopt in attempting to tire out the vigilance of a British blockading fleet by long continued inaction, while perhaps striking isolated blows in distant waters. The recent construction in Germany of large battle cruisers capable of holding the seas, points to the inference that in the event of war hostilities would not remain confined to the vicinity of home ports. It would not be impossible if, as in the eighteenth century, sea-fights might again take place in American waters. The capture of one of the Lesser Antilles from the English or French might offer to the Germans both a convenient haven and a pledge for subsequent negotiations. The attitude of the United States in this event would be one of no little difficulty. Logically, a policy of strict neutrality should cause it to remain, if not indifferent at least passive, but it is questionable if any American Government could long tolerate the embarrassment caused by the extended continuance of hostilities in near waters, even though it led to no more regrettable nor permanent result.

If this remains a remote though possible contingency it is otherwise with the effect of a great struggle upon economic interests. As all industry in the belligerent nations would be brought to a virtual standstill, it is likely that while American manufactured exports in Europe suffered there would be a greatly increased demand for foodstuffs as well as for whatever might be of utility in the conduct of war. Such commercial losses as would be experienced in Europe could be more than conterbalanced by the opportunity presented elsewhere to acquire new markets and supplant former rivals. This

would give an unwonted impetus to trade. American commerce should find before it in Latin America, South Africa, Australia, and the Far East, new outlets and new opportunities as the consequence of such a struggle.

Without a merchant marine under the American flag no adequate benefit would be derived from this situation. The export of American products would be rendered increasingly difficult by the few remaining neutral bottoms, with the consequent increase in freight rates. The creation of an American Merchant Navy thus becomes a primary necessity whether affected by postal subventions, direct subsidies, or the admission of foreign-built ships. The sad anomaly of the present position in this respect can hardly be overstated, and until steps are taken to remedy the deficiency of existing navigation laws, all efforts to win new markets will be severely handicapped. Pride is often the forerunner of real interest, and while it is only the former that suffers to-day by the absence of the American flag on the high seas, a European war, with its wide ramifications and consequences, would soon awaken the United States to realizing the shortcomings of its present policy. Unless remedy be found for existing conditions it is not difficult to picture American factories and workmen reduced to idleness because a foreign war had brought about a virtual cessation of ocean transport.

Even more important than the creation of an American merchant marine is that at a time of uncertainty like the present, with the future still befogged, no efforts be spared to maintain its relative naval strength. Already the United States has fallen from the second place which, for a decade, it had occupied, and without greater exertion is likely to sink still further in the scale. The decision of Congress to curtail the programme of naval construction could not have been less auspiciously chosen in its moment. To desist from a normal development, which hardly aims to do more than replace timeworn unities when all the nations of the world, great and small, are arming, is to court a disaster and to lay the country open to the consequences of such imprudence. The apostles of any one-sided disarmament at a time like the present are blindly working to expose their land to a disgraceful war or a yet more disgraceful humiliation.

In the event of a European conflagration the American fleet, even if maintained at its present relative strength, might find difficulty in accomplishing its double task of preserving the *status quo* in the Far East, and enforcing the neutrality of the Caribbean, where the presence of hostilities would certainly embarrass and possibly endanger American interests. The preservation of the *Pax Americana* as a corollary to the Monroe Doctrine should be its goal at all times. The United States has everything to gain by the peaceful and orderly evolution of existing conditions on the Western Hemisphere, and nothing by sudden or violent changes, even where its interests do not appear to be immediately affected. Hence any attempt to make of American waters the scene of war would be extremely distasteful to its policy.

The question of neutrality of the Caribbean might even be broached by diplomatic channels in time of peace. To Great Britain and France it would in all likelihood be welcome, as ridding them of solicitude in respect to islands difficult of defence, and where their sole ambition is to maintain but not to extend. Nor could Germany, possessing no territorial interests in such waters, avow pretensions which would place her in opposition to this view. An international agreement having this in sight would thus contribute toward guaranteeing a stability of present pos-

session by keeping the peace in the event of a European conflict and removing the likelihood of possible future changes of title embarrassing to the strategic and political position the United States occupy there. The alternative of a German victory, with the acquisition of a base of operations or even of territorial advantages, close to Central America, where Germans already possess great interests, and commanding the approaches to Panama, could not leave the Republic indifferent to the future of such prospect.

An Anglo-German conflict would thus affect the United States at various points and in various ways. There is hardly a branch of American national activity, governmental or economic, which would not feel its consequences in varying degree or be concerned by its outcome. While the American attitude in such contest would in the beginning be one of strict neutrality, which would be maintained as long as possible, this does not mean that a far-sighted policy might not under certain contingencies impose a different course of action. However considerable the responsibility incurred, however great the bait offered, it would hardly be wise statesmanship to remain passive if England should by any series of disasters be crushed. Even though the immediate consequence would be to throw Canada and the British Antilles into the lap of the United States, it would leave the latter confronted by an Empire supreme on land and sea, and would force it to pursue a preparation of armaments which for its own preservation could not be inferior to what it might be called upon to face. Unperceived by many Americans, the European balance of power is a political necessity which can alone sanction on the Western Hemisphere the continuance of an economic development unhandicapped by the burden of extensive armaments. At no time, even unknown to the United States, were European politics a matter of indifference to its vital interests. But if hitherto it was impotent to alter their march, a fortunate destiny preserved the existing balance.

Seeking, as little as in the past, any selfish benefit in the Old World, even though it were possible, America has to-day a distinct and legitimate duty in the famly of great nations in contributing to preserve those elements which compose the balance of power, and to which it can only be blind at a later cost. The disappearance or diminution of any one State in Europe would be a calamity, varying with its degree. But while the importance of such extinction might not in most instances be sufficiently close to warrant or provoke active intervention, this would not be true with Great Britain. The disintegration of the British Empire would be a defeat for America by the erection of a Power supreme on land and sea. A German historian of reputation, Professor Oncken, of Heidelberg, has lately, with reason, expounded the view that in 1864, in the war over the Duchies, England was unconsciously defeated. "Had Schleswig-Holstein remained Danish, the right bank of the Elbe up to the gates of Hamburg not been German territory, and the Canal from the Baltic to the North Sea an impossibility, all the conditions of Germany's maritime position would have been non-existent." French historians have similarly traced the beginnings of their disasters in 1870 to their non-interference in the affair of the Duchies. The lesson of how a failure to act later reacts should not be lost.

To consider the possible contingency of such intervention by the United States as tantamount to an alliance with Great Britain would be untrue. Where there is no treaty there is no alliance. America does not keep Eng-

land from war nor push her toward a conflict. In the event of hostilities the assertion of its neutrality would at once be made and strictly lived up to. If Germany and England choose to indulge in the luxury of war such is their right. However much one may lament the loss of life, it is no affair of the United States even though England were defeated, so long as the general balance is preserved. But if ever decisive results are about to be registered of a nature calculated to upset what has for centuries been the recognized political fabric of Europe, America can remain indifferent thereto only at her own eventual cost. If it then neglects to observe that the interests of the nations crushed are likewise its own, America will be guilty of political blindness which it will later rue. To guard against this danger the diplomatic rôle of the United States in Europe should be far more active than in the past. Properly understood and carried out by skilful agents it would be one which instead of being resented should entitle it to the gratitude of all lovers of peace, since it would be apparent that without selfish designs of its own it aimed to preserve the rights of all.

It is mistaking the nature of diplomacy to think that this would involve America in entanglements wherein it had no concern. But it is likewise mistaking its scope for national utility to accord by an attitude of indifferent passivity a free field to the forceful ambition of any single State. Great Britain, by upholding the European balance of power, has contributed toward American development. If misfortune in arms awaits her it would be as politically unwise as it would be ungenerous to allow her to suffer unduly. A disastrous defeat inflicted by an opponent unwilling to use moderation in his victory should invite on the part of America a friendly mediation which in the last extremity might have to be converted into more effective measures. Hence the advisability for the United States of preserving its strength in such a way as ever to make its counsel welcome and its action unnecessary.

Washington.

The National Review.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN FLEET STREET.*

The memorable anniversary observed by a special number of *The Times* on September 10, followed closely on the appointment of a new editor in succession to Mr. G. E. Buckle. The two events in a manner emphasize each other. Taken together they remind us with appropriate impressiveness of the sustained personal efforts by which the greatest newspaper the world has ever seen, beginning not only as a private but as a family enterprise, long since grew into a national institution. Therefore, during more than a generation the changes in its personal control have been generally watched with at least as much interest as the going and coming of ministers in a department of State. The essential importance and dignity, from the national point of view, of the position now occupied by Mr. Geoffrey Robinson have been within living memory convincingly attested by the fact that the nomination in 1884 of Mr. Robinson's predecessor attracted far more attention than the disappearance of so famous a figure as J. T. Delane had done seven years

* "The Times." (Forty Thousandth Number. September 10, 1912.
"The Letters of Lord Blachford." (John Murray.)
Henry Reeve's "Memoirs" (Longmans.)
Justin McCarthy's "Reminiscences." (Chatto & Windus.)
"That Reminds Me: An Editor's Sermons Arrested." By Sir Edward R. Russell. (T: Fisher Unwin.)

earlier. For it was departure from his historic chair, not, to speak with technical accuracy, dismissal, which in 1877 had but by two years preceded his death. The close of that most famous among modern editorial terms had been heralded by no premonitions like those ominous of the imperial minister's fall to which at the time the gossips compared it. There was, however, nothing like the *verbosa et grandis epistola* from Capreae to the Senate that doomed Sejanus. Only the pithy little note, which might have been put on a postcard, from John Walter, "My dear Delane,—The time has come when it is no longer in your own interests or those of *The Times* that you should continue the editorship. Your successor will be one whose great gifts you so fully admire, Mr. Chenery, and your retiring pension is fixed at——"[1]

Far less considerate, more peremptory, as well as without any gilding to the bitter pill, had been, in 1870, the intimation given to the then editor of the *Standard* that the place held by him in Shoe Lane ever since the journal appeared as a penny paper, would henceforth know him no more. Thomas Hamber had by knowledge of his craft and keen sense of political movement laid the foundations of the full popularity and power to which his eventual successors, W. H. Mudford, and G. B. Curtis, were to raise the paper that James Johnstone's enterprise recreated in 1857-8; but he had insisted on doing this in his own way. The understrappers of official Conservatism grumbled, and persuaded the proprietor that to be master of his own house and deserve well of the party he must change his man. Hence, during the October of the year already mentioned the call of James Johnstone's solicitor on the over-masterful journalist at his private house with his employer's decision and a compensatory cheque, though for a smaller sum than might have been expected. This episode, even at the time, was untalked of or unknown outside the professional coteries of Fleet Street.

So, too, Delane's departure from Printing House Square passed off with far less attention than was excited by the advent of his successor. Even that was as nothing in comparison with the universally keen speculation as to the nomination of the man to follow Mr. Chenery in 1884. The choice of Mr. Buckle was eagerly discussed in all circles. Delane's editorial term (1841-77) had connected him with the most stirring episodes and the leading actors in the nineteenth-century drama. Palmerston commanded his own special organ in the daily Press, the *Morning Post*, but during the long period of his public ascendancy withheld no confidences from Delane. Five years before Delane's day the publication in *The Times* (1836) of his *Runnymede Letters* placed the future Earl of Beaconsfield under an obligation which he always acknowledged to the Walters' journal. When, therefore, the reins Barnes had dropped were taken up by Delane, he received from Disraeli the assurance that no condescensions to The Conservative Press should interfere with Printing House Square having the first call. "What is your real opinion of Delane?" asked the newly created Beaconsfield at a dinner party in 1876, of Lord Granville. "I think," purred Lord Granville, "I had sooner not answer till Delane is dead." Delane, having thus become not only a personage, but an institution, it was, though a posthumous, a notable feather in the cap of the editor who followed him that the process of choosing the man to follow Thomas Chenery should have been more closely watched and have given birth to far more speculation than had been rife when, seven years

[1] This note was shown, the same day as he received it, by Delane to Abraham Hayward, who a few hours later gave me its exact contents.

earlier, a few Club gossips mildly asked on whom Delane's mantle would descend. Of the conjectural canards whose flight preluded Mr. Buckle's actual appointment in the February of 1884, many were so wildly absurd that they only served to show the density of the prevailing ignorance about the administrative methods of the nominating powers. "The gentlemen and widows," amusingly described in Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea* as possessing a diminutive interest in the great organ, had never pretended to the smallest share in its management. That belonged unreservedly to the Walter family, and it was their fixed tradition to promote only from among those already in *The Times'* service. At the time of Chenery's death Sir Henry Calcraft of the Board of Trade, the most seasoned official and consummate man of the world in the generation to which be belonged, soon became Society's momentary favorite for the empty chair. He knew every one of any mark in Europe, had been charged in his day with confidential missions of widely different kinds, was a *persona grata* at court, and enjoyed the reputation of having been occasionally consulted by the Walters and Delane. The quidnuncs, however, after a little reflection perceived that they were on the wrong track, and began to ask who of the old *Times'* men were still going on.

The most notable among these were recognized in Delane's brother-in-law, Sir G. W. Dasent, in Thomas Mozley, and in Lord Blachford, formerly Sir Frederick Rogers, who so far back as 1842 had been taken on as leader writer by the second John Walter, and who might, according to his own account, have become editor afterwards, had he not decided for a Colonial Office Assistant Under-Secretaryship. To these might have been added the late Louis J. Jennings, once *The Times'* Calcutta correspondent, as well as a Quarterly Reviewer, and the present Dean of Canterbury. Dr. Wace, however, in 1884, Principal of King's College, London, had manifestly committed himself to a clerical career. He also, like the others we have mentioned, was a veteran in the craft; while, if the paper stood in need of new blood, its supreme control could scarcely be within the resources of an approaching, if not an actual, septuagenarian. Perhaps, therefore, the old *Times'* rule might in this instance be departed from, and there might be called in an outsider of such signal capacity as Frederick Greenwood, then still in the prime of vigorous middle age.

Meanwhile the Walter arrangements had been made some time before the late editor had fallen mortally ill. As a writer for the paper, Mr. G. E. Buckle was to Chenery what Chenery had been to Delane. The experiences of the nineteenth century's last quarter have repeated themselves exactly in the twentieth's second decade with the single exception that Mr. Buckle's retirement had not been allowed to get wind. Social and literary coteries, therefore, had no chance of showing once more that the Fleet Street whispering gallery can be the conductor of professional rumors as often false as true. The 40,000 numbers of *The Times* which had appeared by September 10, 1912, represented a succession of only seven editors, including the newly appointed Mr. Robinson. The penultimate member of the line, the retiring Mr. Buckle, reigned through startling changes, not only in his own paper, but in the entire Press. The first to be called the editor of *The Times* was the second John Walter. He held that position for thirty-five years, sharing his power during part of the time with William Combe, Peter Fraser, Edward Stirling, and above all, John Stoddard, the first

member of the Printing House Square polity not being of the Walter house who ever bore the editorial title. Pre-eminent even above Stoddard, the second John Walter's last nominee before Delane, Thomas Barnes, was from 1817 to 1841 the avowed and unchallenged sovereign of the mighty broadsheet. His twenty-four years' reign, however, fell short of Delane's by twelve years and of Mr. Buckle's by four.

The Times, therefore, cannot be charged with using up its editors as quickly as the House of Commons once did its speakers. Bernal Osborne once said in his pleasant way that whenever Delane and John Walter met in Society it reminded him of the old Dutch weather toy, where the prospect of rain brings out the man and keeps the woman at home, the pair never appearing outside their shelter together. So Delane's entrance into a drawing-room was a signal for Walter's exit. That was, of course, a Pickwickian jest. The facts and figures already mentioned show that in Printing House Square fixity of editorial tenure has never seemed an infringement of the proprietorial prerogative. Very differently is this matter looked at by the great newspaper runners of the twentieth century. To move their men with perplexing rapidity from one position to another, even to change the sheets under the same ownership on which the pens they hire are employed, seems essential to the individual capitalists and syndicates increasingly dominating Fleet Street. The managers of the literary department cannot conveniently be dismissed at such short intervals, but the mere word-spinning or précis-writing hacks are systematically prevented from striking a root deep enough to become personally or publicly a part of the print they serve. Hence the leader writer, for example, though still often excellent of his kind, can seldom now command the chances of influence and distinction he enjoyed before advancing telegraphic or telephonic developments had changed him from a critical commentator on affairs into a redactor or expositor of news. His really good days were at an end when wires or speaking-tubes connected the head-office in Fleet Street with its Paris, Berlin, or Vienna branches. Even the latest improvements of the steam Press had not gone so far as to make the newspaper reader look for a dissertation on a Ministerial statement or Opposition move rattled off between the approach of midnight and the hour of going to press. Under the exacting conditions that now prevail the wonder is not that the newspaper tone should be less literary than in the old days, but that the writing itself should be so pointed and clear as it for the most part is. During the more leisurely epoch articles had to be in the printer's hands before the editor arrived for his night's work, bringing with him perhaps items of late news cunningly to be injected into his proofs. The compositions produced after this leisurely fashion would have been considered to-day essays rather than articles. The judgments they pronounced were not even necessarily better weighed than the writings of our own hurried age, because the consciousness of pressure makes a really capable and seasoned writer so concentrate his thoughts that his opinions, though expressed on the spur of the moment, represent the careful results of meditation perhaps extending over many years. The experiences, however, of Reeve and Rogers show that the typically deliberate leader of the old régime brought its writer to the front, and in the course of time secured him within narrow but distinguished limits a personal influence, as well as a certain mild celebrity, that raised his craft to the rank of a liberal profession. That

fact finds conclusive and interesting illustration in the case not only of the two famous Printing House Square pens, but the late Justin McCarthy, and the happily surviving Sir Edward R. Russell.

The nineteenth-century journalist meant the leader writer. The twentieth century can produce but a few rapidly diminishing specimens of those who formerly flourished in that capacity, and who, to a great extent, could work at their own time. In the present dispensation such a writer would look in vain for permanent, regular, and remunerative work. The papers run in their own interest by their proprietors, whether single plutocrats or syndicates, must necessarily have some kinship to the trade circular. *The Times*, which had for its earlier synonym "The organ of the City," is still called throughout Europe the Government journal. By those who read it in Continental capitals it is, and probably always will be, regarded as reflecting, with an authority and fullness denied to its contemporaries, the official mind of Downing Street. This it certainly did under the Buckle dispensation even more than in the day of Delane. It is doing so conspicuously under Mr. Buckle's successor, especially as regards foreign policy; now that the international line prescribed by Mr. Geoffrey Robinson one day is reasonably certain to be followed by Sir Edward Grey the next. But outside Printing House Square the leading article, notwithstanding several bright exceptions in town and country, has fallen on evil days. That inevitably follows on the fact of the newspaper's increasing tendency to become a medium of a few rich men's aggrandizement rather than an organ of political, or, in its broadest sense, social opinion. As regards *The Times*, the latest phases of whose public history form the natural occasion for the present remarks, its proprietorship and management were practically not affected by the internal changes some five years since, when for convenience its owners made themselves a joint stock company. Whoever else may have a voice in its control the shares are distributed in such a way as to secure the Walter predominance, and the changes of 1907 for the time left the Walter representative, Moberly Bell, master of the situation. The great newspaper remains, therefore, in the same hands as during Delane's day. Its editors naturally do not consider themselves bound by his policy. To him nothing was temporarily so repugnant as what he used to call "plunging." Now *The Times* is as little superior to sensationalism as its humbler rivals. It was, however, Delane himself who, by a feature introduced into his paper, was the first to encourage a popular competition with the professional journalist that in its latest form seriously interferes with the industrious earners of their livelihood by the periodical pen. Personally in favor at all houses, he culled his honey from every flower, and when doing so conceived the idea of utilizing for his own columns the literary taste and various information which he found among those whom he encountered in drawing-room or club. He thus gathered about him many ready and cultivated writers whose productions used, to begin with, as letters to the editor, gradually took their places as headed articles. They thus rivalled, in attraction if not in importance, his leading matter. Such, the present writer had it from his own lips, was the Blackfriars genesis and métier of Sir William Harcourt, who added, "I never took the *Times*' shilling or wrote a *Times*' leader." Thus began a competition of serious consequence to the Fleet Street men, who were obliged to ply for hire.

This calling in of the outsider personified one of the most marked among latter-day newspaper tendencies, the exact opposite of another development presently to be noticed. During its organization in the 'sixties the managers of the penny Press were habitually vexed by the volunteered attentions from party wire-pullers, Treasury Under Secretary aspirants, and Opposition Whips. Thus, deferentially and tentatively, began the process of "nobbling the Press," which went on increasingly and uninterruptedly so long as its conductors could deal with newspapers that as an aggregate and an institution seemed worth the trouble. After a fashion it continues still, with this difference. Editors of the new journalism seldom make any pretence of competing in personal distinction or official authority with their forerunners. Merely, for the most part, the echoes and tools of the money makers employing them, they shrink from taking their own line, look for their literary staff only in the nominees of their proprietors or the City confederates of those gentlemen, and if on the spur of the moment betrayed into anything like a bold spontaneity in treating some topic of the time they secretly tremble at the possible effect of such audacity on their "weekly screw."

Notwithstanding all this, the newspaper system as it now exists provides more pens of different kinds with employment of various sorts than was ever known before. At the same time the example already mentioned as set by Delane during the first half of the Victorian epoch has been so extensively followed in countless other quarters that those who regularly write for newspapers can be scarcely less numerous than those who read them. Yet, though we are all journalists now, even as Sir William Harcourt once said we were all socialists, the ground is covered to an unprecedented degree by movements for making journalism a close profession. Nor is it only that guilds of writers for the public Press increase and multiply. At a conference of the craft held last autumn in the Brighton pavilion compulsory qualifications of the better sort were seriously discussed. An intellectual adaptation of Trade Union machinery, making a degree and honors, or some other such academic certificate, a condition for entrance into the working community of Great Brain Street, as G. A. Sala once wittily called it, was suggested, if not with unanimous approval yet with profoundly harmonious gravity.

Mr. Asquith's old school, the City of London, has opened a journalist's class, and annually presents the head of it with a travelling scholarship. King's College, London, and the Birmingham University, train their alumni for the business in all its grades, from the old-world penny-a-liner to the instructor of sovereigns and statesmen in the art of government, the precipitation of war, or the patching up of peace. One at least of our most memorable seats of learning has long meditated the establishment of a journalistic chair. It is to be hoped that the new professor, in his lectures on the theory and practice of playing up news, as it is called on the other side of the Atlantic, or exploiting 'grams, as it has long been known here, may not bring him or his disciples into collision with the precepts expounded, and the virtues illustrated by his colleague who "professes" moral philosophy. Should this teacher, whose appointment belongs to the future, know his business and think it worth while to put his pupils on their guard against the pitfalls, the perils and the heart-breaking disappointments of a newspaper career, he will make them understand by well-chosen instances that the literary excellence still useful, if not essential, in the higher branches of the industry, is not to be

taught by rule, nor to be learnt by imitation, however patient the study, or safe and admirable the model. Clear, concise, if not always correct writing is as much in Fleet Street demand to-day as ever. To that art there is only one way. It comes, in all ordinary cases, not from the mimicry of great stylists, however effective and alluring, but from habits of accurate observation in daily life, from that cultivation of judgment and taste which may not indeed be inconsistent with, but cannot be guaranteed or even surely promoted by, any amount of didactic specialism. To educate a youth into journalism, if journalism means good newspaper writing, is just as practicable as to educate him into being George Eliot or Shakespeare. On the other hand, there now exists in many newspaper offices subordinate positions for which intelligence and industry are qualification enough. The new prominence given to sport of all kinds, and the consequent multiplication of "extra special" issues, has coincided with the all but universal addition of pictures to letterpress. The sub-editorial staff has therefore greatly increased, while a new artistic staff, with many mechanical openings, has been created. Thus, given the possession of some special aptitude or even the attainment by practice of facility, combined with something like force, a quick-witted, well-read, soundly educated and tactful lad may to-day more easily than he ever could do before earn a living in the less literary branches of journalism as well as on a clerkly stool in a lawyer's office, or behind a shop counter.

In this day of lightning reviews with whole bookshelves condensed into the bulk of a penny novelette, as many hands are wanted for the production of literary pemmican as for the advertising, the packing, and the sending out of the latest strong man's cocoa or the newest hair-wash. All these operations have opened corresponding industries for ingenuous youth, and have put Anglo-Indian parents especially, who have just paid the bill for the last term at Haileybury, in a pleasantly practical way of answering the question what to do with their boys. The despair caused by this problem was at its darkest when the distressed father met in society the most agreeable, polite, and not the least pushful, of the new Fleet Street leviathans. "Let the boy call on me," came the reassuring invitation; "if he has anything in him, we can bring it out, make a man of him, and relieve you of that care." The great man is as good as his word. The work given to the novice begins, of course, with being of the clerkly kind. If he does it well, promotion to paragraph manufacture follows. Then comes the *Iliad* in a nutshell. There are military manœuvres in the Sussex Weald, or sham fights on the high seas. To observe these from points of view so far not taken; to compress the results picturesquely, but without high falutin and without the waste of a single word is the next task given, and brings into healthy play faculties that both ensure and deserve fortune.

These opportunities, the social boon they constitute, and the chances they give to anything like literary originality, form part of the bright side of the new journalism. That this has not seriously interfered with what was best and brightest in the old may be inferred from the welcome given to the more recent volumes whose titles are prefixed to this article. When the present writer began his course, Justin McCarthy was regarded as representing the better and brighter tendencies of nineteenth-century newspaper life and work. To his epoch also belonged Sir Edward Russell, whose co-operation with McCarthy on the old *Morning Star* formed the prelude first to the distinc-

tion won by him during his too brief parliamentary experience as a debater, secondly, since 1869, to the sustained exercise as the editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post* of an influence felt throughout the entire provincial Press. In that capacity Sir Edward Russell will always be remembered for services to the newspaper out of London of the same permanent value as those rendered by McCarthy not for the *Daily News* alone, but to other Fleet Street prints. Just now, as we have seen, the intellectual literary equipment of a rising journalistic generation occupies much attention. Sir Edward Russell's books reassuringly remind us of the energizing and elevating traditions established by him, as by McCarthy before him, to the wholesome advantage of his vocation, as of those who, in these later days, pursue it. His *Editor's Sermons* are known and valued by many others than those who in their daily work have been helped by the vivid and instructive pen-and-ink sketches contained in *That Reminds Me. An Editor's Sermons* form a reference volume for the Church Year. It is of these that Dr. Percival, Bishop of Hereford, said, "If the only chapters that our clergy read in this work are the two dealing respectively with Whit Sunday and the decay of experimental religion, the book will have sown some good seed of a kind just now much needed in English life."

The autobiography of *The Times*, published on its attaining the age of one hundred and ten years, is crowded with information as to the story of printing, the origin and growth of the British newspaper, the romance of color printing and kindred subjects. The great journal has rendered inestimable services to the art of printing. The most interesting part of the memorial number is that which describes the organization of *The Times* to-day. "The staff knows what it is to face "black and nerve-racking times," when news that would crowd five or six ordinary issues has to be compressed into one. The number of writers is close upon two thousand, and the annual output of printed matter would fill a library of 700 novels. The editor as commander-in-chief inspires and controls the general policy of the paper, and it is the proud boast of *The Times*, endorsed by all competent judges, that it "states nothing as a fact which it does not believe to be true, and that every opinion which it expresses is the result of its own conviction, uninfluenced from outside, based on fairly wide experience, and backed by approximately the best talent of the day."

The special number will, however, be searched in vain for any revelations of the exact process of manufacturing the leaders that first made the paper a power. Without betraying any confidences, however, Thomas Mozley in his *Reminiscences* (1882), among other *Times* men, Lord Blachford and Reeve, as well as James Macdonell's biographer, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, have each contributed something towards letting us into the secret. The ridicule before now lavished on the journalistic use of the first person plural proceeds from entire ignorance of the facts. These are exactly expressed by the editorial "we." Before "putting the paper to bed" Delane approximately arranged his next day's leader programme. His pithy little notes of instruction or suggestion reached his writers generally by hansom cab in the forenoon. Those he trusted most often were encouraged to complete their oracles at home on the lines he indicated, leaving a good deal to their own discretion, and the Delanian method is still followed elsewhere than in Printing House Square. Of that it used to be said that "his beasts were kept in separate cages." In other words, those who wrote on the premises did so independently of

each other, and while on duty never met except by accident. The most powerful and prosperous of the penny papers distributes the subjects among its staff at a conference of the whole number. Whatever the details of the system, the literary result given to the world next morning is strictly a co-operative product, and would be mis-described if that fact were not kept before the reader.

The Times being not only the parent, but the model of the whole daily Press, its offspring have nothing to gain by departure from its best traditions. Much of the secret of its influence has been its uniform refusal to increase its sale by misleading the public. Sensational rumors announced in giant capitals on the bill may quickly send off an edition; the contradiction which follows may not necessarily defeat the purpose of the original report, but it weakens the authority of the particular journal, and promotes a novel tendency on the part of its readers, not so much to weigh the significance of the intelligence given as to speculate on the motive of putting it into print. A press that exposes itself to perpetual suspicion cannot complain if it is reduced to moral impotence.

T. H. S. Escott.

The London Quarterly Review.

HONESTY.

By M. E. Francis

CHAPTER VIII.

Honesty's wedding took place on one of those mild January days which in Dorset take on a delusive semblance of spring. No April sky could have been more delicately blue, more lightly strewn with fleecy clouds. There was a general sense of awakening in the air, birds were flying hither and thither, the thrushes were even singing, not only missel-thrushes but the genuine song bird; the autumn-sown corn looked marvellously green in the clear light which gave to the very buds on the hedges a certain ruddy tone, scarcely distinguishable from that which, at a later date, precedes bursting. Primroses and polyanthuses were blooming in the Vicarage garden, and a line of yellow crocuses in Honesty's own patch of ground opened wide golden cups to the untimely warmth.

There was a great bustle in the little house in the dip: the Cuffs had invited a few friends from the village, and these waited discreetly in the garden, while Mrs. Fripp, the next-door neighbor, who had not been bidden, watched proceedings from the other side of the hedge with folded arms and face screwed up in an expression of scorn.

At length the little procession came forth. Mrs. Cuff and the husband of her eldest daughter, who followed with her family, consisting of a small boy, breeched for the first time, his knickers, in spite of the most strenuous bracing, overflowing his small laced boots, and a large flabby baby, which sat very upright in its mother's arms, staring about with watery blue eyes and sucking unceasingly at an india-rubber "titty," by means of which it was laying up, no doubt, a store of future anguish. Then came Alice and her husband, and, last of all, Cuff with Honesty on his arm.

"A musling dress," commented Mrs. Fripp, "an' us not half way through Januwory. 'Tis to be hoped as she'll find it pleasant to travel about with browntitis in a van—for that's what 'ull happen. And the white ribbon doesn't carry off that wold straw hat."

"Well, there! let her wear what she will 'tis so pretty a bride as ever I

see'd," cried Mrs. Adlem, one of Mrs. Cuff's friends from the village; "her eyes be like two stars and her cheeks —I never did know Honesty to have such a color."

But the brilliant flush which had overspread the bride's face when she left her father's door faded by the time she reached the church, and it was a lily maid who stood beside Zachary before the altar.

"A angel," he said to himself, and his voice grew husky with tenderness, and his great hand trembled with something that was almost awe when he put the ring on her finger.

The Vicar performed the ceremony with a kind of regretful compassion. The pair were ill-assorted, he thought, and he could not understand the reason of what he could almost have designated unmaidenly haste on the girl's part had not her pale innocent face forbidden such a term.

"I hope you'll be kind to her," he said to the bridegroom in a severe tone when the party had adjourned to the vestry.

Zachary eyed him steadily.

"You don't reckon as I'm good enough for her, Maister, do 'ee?" he said with disconcerting directness. "Well, I don't say as I be. I reckon as no man what's made is good enough for her—what you mid call worthy of her—but may be a younger man 'ud not know how to vally her as I'll do. What's more," he added, "seein' as I've made one woman happy, I reckon I should be able to make another the same. Not but what," he continued reflectively, "my first missus was a ordinary kind o' woman and Honesty isn't, but there! I'll do my best."

"Well, no one can speak fairer, I'm sure," said Mr. Cuff, "and I do feel it a honor as ye should ha' picked out my maid, Zachary, for I 'low you're a good judge o' the p'ints of a woman—a better judge by all accounts nor *you're* ever like to be, sir—Haw-haw!"

There was a suspicious flicker in Cuff's eye, a joviality in his tone which arrested Mr. Harvey's attention for a moment, and then caused him to turn hastily away. Cuff had evidently been drinking his daughter's health overnight and would probably spend the rest of the day in repetitions of the same ceremony. His master was conscious of a sinking of his spirit. Here he was, still saddled with the old reprobate, and the sacrifice of his personal convenience had not benefited the girl for whose sake it had been made.

Zachary caught the expression of disgust on the Vicar's face and made a step towards him:

"Us 'ull maybe be able to do summat wi' father-in-law yet," he murmured, with an encouraging laugh; then drawing Honesty's arm through his, he led her swiftly away.

Great was the astonishment of Mr. Cuff and, it must be owned, the disappointment of the few guests, when at the ensuing repast, just as he was in the act of uncorking a black bottle, his son-in-law laid his hand on his arm.

"No need o' that, Mr. Cuff," he cried, "keep thik bottle in case o' sickness or summat. This 'ere's a teetotal weddin'. I've sent for a dozen bottles o' lemonade and ginger pop."

"Who's teetotal?" cried Cuff, pausing, his flaming countenance taking on a deeper shade of red.

"Why most of us here, or should be," cried the bridegroom gaily. "I am, to begin with, and so are you."

A kind of gasp came from one and another of the little assembly, but Zachary, still smiling and keeping his eyes fixed on those of his father-in-law, held out his hand for the bottle.

"You're a man o' honor, Mr. Cuff, a man o' your word same as I be, an' we're all a-goin' to fulfil our contracts. I be a-goin' to love and cherish your daughter, she's a-goin' for to love,

honor, and obey me, and you're a-goin' to settle down comfortable at your old job, a-settin' a good example all round as is becomin' one in your position."

"What position?" growled Mr. Cuff, suffering, however, Zachary to take the bottle from his hand.

"Why, bain't you sexton and bell-ringer and all? Next thing to bein' clerk. If ever a man did ought to hold up his head 'tis you, father-in-law. There, Mrs. Cuff, this stuff 'ull come in handy if anyone is took ill. Now I'll thank you for a bit o' that ham, for wife and me must be startin' off for our honeymoon."

"Oh, are we goin' to have a honeymoon?" said Honesty naively.

In the general laugh which ensued the episode of the black bottle was forgotten by all except Mr. Cuff, whose brow cleared as he saw the precise corner of the cupboard where his wife hastily bestowed it.

"Why, of course we be goin' to have a honeymoon," said Zachary tenderly. "I be goin' for to take ye for a week to London—what do ye think o' that? 'Ees, us 'ull go to theayter and see the sights, and ride in motor 'buses and all sorts. 'Ees, you shall see a bit o' the world afore ye do settle down in the van my dear; I thought it 'ud be a nice surprise for ye, so I didn't say nothing about it, but I've a-had it in my mind all along."

When an hour or so later Honesty found herself driving to the station in a cab which looked nearly as grand as a private brougham, with a coachman in a livery coat and white favors to the horse's ears, she could hardly believe her own identity; and when she took her place in the third-class carriage by Zachary's side, she felt a thrill of something like triumph in recalling the last journey she had undertaken under such different auspices. Here she was, no more despised and slighted, the insignificant poor relation whom even Uncle Jonathan did not want, but a prosperous young matron with a husband who adored her and who would be ready to gratify her lightest whim.

Drawing off her grey cotton gloves she twirled her wedding ring round and round, unconsciously smiling the while.

"Ah, it do look nice, don't it?" said Zachary, watching her; "and it do mean a deal—that's the best of it. Thik little ring! Dear, all that's inside thik little ring!"

"My finger's inside," said Honesty, laughing. "I suppose that means a deal to you, Zachary? You do like to think this little finger belongs to 'ee, don't 'ee?"

"'Ees, my dear, I do surely," rejoined he; "your finger and the whole of ye do belong to me now, and thik ring is the sign of it; but it's the sign o' more nor that. 'Tis the sign o' true love and happiness in our home, Honesty love. You be my honored wife now, you was but a child this mornin', and you do hold our two lives—or leastways all what makes our two lives worth livin'—inside thik little ring."

Honesty laughed, and then grew serious, seeing that his face remained grave. She stretched out her hand and laid it timidly in his.

"You look so solemn," she exclaimed; "you do make me feel half afeared."

"Well, there's times when I myself do feel half afeared," rejoined he. "To think that you be a 'ooman now, and my wife, and yet—and yet a bit of a child, and besides that more nor half a angel—Well, 'tis enough to make a man feel solemn."

Honesty's blue eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"You do frighten I when ye do talk like that," she exclaimed, "it do seem as if—as if——"

"As if what?" cried Zachary, all anxious tenderness in a moment. He put one arm diffidently round her shoulders and drawing his silk hand-

kerchief—a new one expressly purchased for the wedding—from his pocket, gently proceeded to mop her eyes.

"As if you did expect such a lot," sobbed Honesty. "Oh, Zachary, I bain't so good as you think. I bain't a angel—nothin' like it. I've often done foolish things and wrong things; you'll be disappointed one of these days, and then you'll—you'll p'r'aps—you'll not love me any more."

"No fear o' that," cried Zachary. "Bless ye, my dear, I do know ye better nor ye do know yourself. I'll warrant ye've never done a wrong thing in your life nor yet a foolish one. I can see for myself ye have got just about a good headpiece. There, dry your eyes, my love—I don't expect a wold head on your young shoulders. If ye do make mistakes now and again us 'ull laugh at them together."

He broke off, chuckling to himself and gazed at her with twinkling eyes.

"What be you a-lookin' at I like that for?" cried she, laughing too, and blinking away the last tear.

"Why, because I be feelin' just about set up at your bein' afeared of me a-leavin' off lovin' ye," rejoined he. "I be proud to think that you do vally me so much. I am but a rough wold fellow arter all. Some folks mid think it 'ud be no such great matter to lose my good opinion."

"Oh, but I don't think that," cried she quickly. "Dear to be sure, what 'ud become of me if I was to lose it?" She paused, looking at him with alarmed eyes, then her expression changed a little, and lifting her ungloved left hand she patted his face softly; it was the innocent confiding act of a child.

"I don't think you a rough wold fellow," she said. "I do 'low you're just about good!"

He caught the little hand and kissed it, then drawing her more closely to him, kissed her cheek for the first time.

"Oh, Mr. Shart!" gasped Honesty, blushing violently.

"Oh, Mrs. Shart," cried he, imitating her tone, "don't 'ee forget that, my dear. There, I wouldn't ha' done such a thing before, seein' as ye mid think it a liberty, and I didn't want to frighten ye, ye not bein' used to such things—but times is changed now, and your husband's kiss won't do ye no harm."

"No," said Honesty tremulously; the blush faded, leaving her for the second time that day very pale.

"Well, well," said Zachary, "I'd 'low I've scared ye a bit arter all, but ye'll get used to me in time. Now, what do ye think I've got here in my pocket? I'll give ye three guesses."

Turning sideways so as to afford her a better chance of discovering the identity of the object in question, he slapped his coat pocket violently.

"May I feel?" asked Honesty, all her qualms forgotten in a moment.

"Do," rejoined he, laughing; "wait a bit and I'll give ye a fair chance."

Out of the bulging receptacle he drew, first, the handkerchief before mentioned, then a pocket-knife, finally, a pipe case.

"Now," said he, guiding her fingers to a small square parcel, the outlines of which she could feel through the thick cloth.

"It do seem like a box," cried she.

"'Tis a box," agreed Zachary, "but what's in the box, that's the pint."

"A bit of our weddin' cake," suggested Honesty.

"No, that wouldn't be much of a surprise—and this is a surprise."

"I can't guess," cried she, "is it—is it a present for me?"

"'Ees, it is a weddin' present. You haven't had so many, have ye? Take it out and see."

He hitched himself round a little more, and Honesty, lifting the flap of

his pocket, dived eagerly within, extracting a little packet neatly covered with white paper and sealed at either end with wax.

"Open it and look," repeated Zachary gaily. "Nay now, wait a bit." Taking it from her hand he held the little packet to her ear. "Now can you guess?"

"A watch!" ejaculated Honesty, in almost awestruck tones.

"Hadn't you better make sure?" cried Zachary in great delight. "Just look inside thik paper."

On undoing the wrapper, a velvet covered case was brought to light, which contained a gold watch and chain of strong and solid workmanship.

"Oh!" exclaimed Honesty, clasping her hands.

"There!" cried her husband. "I thought it 'ud be what ye'd like. A weddin' ring and a watch and chain, all in one mornin'. Now ye be just about set up, bain't ye?"

"Oh, you are good, you're too good," exclaimed Honesty, and with a sudden impetuous movement she flung her arms round his neck.

"I was hopin' for summat like that," said Zachary in a voice unsteady with rapture. "I wouldn't ax for it, but I won't deny I was hopin' for it."

"You are good," repeated Honesty, and as he held her to him she nestled close, with a faint sigh.

The Times. (*To be continued.*)

THE PERIL OF ARMENIA.

The recent dramatic rush of events in the Balkan Peninsula has brought to pass in a month that would have appeared a year ago to be a faint and remote dream. We have seen the uprising in arms of a Balkan Alliance which has swept before it the great armies of Turkey as dust before the wind, until the Ottoman Power is at the present moment making its last stand behind the lines of Chataldja, and little is left of Turkey in Europe except Constantinople and its adjacent strip of seaboard. Europe has been shaken out of her slumber; diplomatists are meeting in council, efforts—we would fain hope real and earnest efforts—are being made by the Great Powers to "see the thing through," with due regard to the claims of the gallant Allies and without involving themselves in the iniquities of a general war of self-interest. Would God that such a genuine "Concert of Europe" had acted together long years ago, to secure the righteous ends which have now had to be won at so awful a cost of blood and misery, of devastated lands and ruined homes.

"If before his duty man with listless spirit stands,
Ere long the Great Avenger takes the task from out his hands."

It may well be that Turkey also has lost her opportunity, not only in Europe but likewise in Asia. For whereas all evidence goes to prove that in the former massacres it was only necessary to proclaim that the Padishah commanded the slaughter to cease, for it to cease at once, when the next occurs the Central Government may be powerless to control the demons it has raised.

Europe, however, is awake at last. But perhaps it is not to be wondered at that she is too much absorbed in the fate of Turkey in Europe to trouble herself with the results of the war in Turkey in Asia. Yet the Powers cannot escape from the responsibility

laid upon them as signatories of the Treaty of Berlin (1878), which promised reforms to be carried out in the Armenian Provinces—reforms which they well know have never been carried out. Indeed, by a cruel irony, it is the "protected" provinces which have been swept with massacre. England, by the Cyprus Convention, herself undertook the protectorate of the Christians in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey—*i.e.*, "all the land inhabited by the Armenian race and religion." And Englishmen may derive what comfort they can from the fact that England has from time to time remonstrated with the Porte through her Ambassadors and Consuls and procured the removal of a very few of the worst officials (who were promptly decorated and promoted by Abdul Hamid). One thing has been proved up to the hilt, viz., that without *guarantees* no reforms have been or ever will be carried into effect.

What is Armenia to hope from the astonishing war that has freed the Balkan States? She looks to England in trembling apprehension, for unless England intervenes, the blow that frees Macedonia may only rivet more tightly the chains that bind Armenia.

In this war for the first time Christians have been allowed to serve in the Army. For generations a tax was taken from them instead of military service; since the granting of the Constitution they share in the conscription, and only wealthy families can redeem their sons, and that at a ruinous price. Formerly a man who supported a family was exempt, but now these breadwinners have been taken. What has it meant for the Christian lads, many of them engaged in sedentary toil and quite unused to exercise, to be suddenly torn from their simple homes and set to walk six hours a day through slush and snow without proper shoes, clothes, or food, with companions who would treat them worse than dogs!

How the hearts of these young men must have stirred when they heard the Bulgarian proclamation. The allies are their brothers, fighting for the things that they too hold dear: Religion, Home, their women's honor, and the safety of their children. But the duty of these unhappy lads is to fight for the race that has oppressed and harried them, and made life a burden to them and theirs for five hundred years. Their enrolment in the army seemed to some the one hope that future massacres and outrage in Armenia might become impossible, but this war has turned for Armenia a hope into a tragedy. The whisper will be repeated in market and café, in the Khans and by the roadside, "It was the Christians." "What else could come when the good old custom was broken?" And if these lie safe in their graves on the open hill-side or in the snowy valley, they have left hostages—mothers and brides, sisters and little children.

Soon the broken army of the Moslems will be wandering through Anatolia. They are being dumped down anywhere with no provision made for them, and what will come of that? The past tells us. At the end of the eighteenth century whole armies of men owning no authority destroyed cities and laid waste lands; it seems all too probable this experience will be repeated. And Sassoun, Marash, Aintab, Harpoot, Urfa, and Adana—what have they to tell us? At Urfa still stands a large flat-roofed building, the thick stone walls of which are cracked; the flames, which split them, devoured between two and three thousand Armenians, living and dead, in one great holocaust, on that dread Sunday, December 29th, 1895. There is a narrow alley by the ruins of the burned Abgarian School at Adana

where the Constitutional (!) troops shot down the Armenians who were trying to escape the flames, till they lay piled higher than a man could reach. It is there that Armenian faith in the Revolution lies buried. The next massacres may not be organized so perfectly, beginning with the sound of a trumpet and ending when the authorities give the signal, as at Urfa, but they will hardly be less deadly if perpetrated by hungry and demoralized soldiery. That eleven Kurds, turned out of the army, should have dared to attack Miss Matheison and her orphans (1912) on the much frequented road between Hadjin and Everek shows that the country is in a very disturbed state. Her presence saved the girls, for foreigners are generally respected, thanks to the Capitulations, and, if murdered, their States get indemnity, but they cannot always save their Armenian friends. Thus it was in vain that Dr. Christie clasped an Armenian youth in his arms when the mob bore down upon them. He only heard the death-scream as the jagged knife was plunged and withdrawn (April, 1909).

The Capitulations which protect foreigners, by making them self-governing, are said to be a survival of the old Roman law; they are necessary when the moral and religious code of a country is inferior to that of the foreigners resident in it. "Look ye to it," said Gallio, the Roman Governor, as he drove the disputants from his judgment-seat. They must settle the affairs of their *millet*, or community, themselves, he could not be bothered.

It is not usually known that the same idea is found in the position of the Armenians to-day. Thus Mahomet II. was acting by precedent when, on conquering Turkey, he gave the Christians of Turkey judicial courts of their own, making the Patriarch (his nominee) their political head,[1] with the rank of Vizier, responsible to the Sultan only, and all the Bishops responsible to the Patriarch. This resulted, through the sale of offices, in the degradation of the priesthood and the Church. Then in 1862 all real power passed into the hands of clerical and lay councils elected by the Representative Assembly of 140 Armenians. This Assembly was meant to be a communal body, dealing with the affairs of the Armenian community. Nowadays it is called the National Assembly, but it must be borne in mind that the Turks are still the ruling community, regarding Christians as *rayahs*. The meetings of this Assembly have been very stormy of late, for the Patriarch has been driven to bay. In vain does he remonstrate and protest to the Turkish Ministers. The Turkish Government allows the murderers of his flock to go unpunished, the local Governors conceal facts and abet assassins, and, as long as the Armenians are not allowed arms to defend themselves from the Kurds, his position is untenable. Hence, both the Patriarch and lay Councils have tendered their resignations. It is noteworthy that at this sitting the Archbishop of Pera said that the only remedy was to demand the application of Article 61 of the Berlin Treaty.

This article might well be quoted, for it not only promises reform, but actually promises *security* from the Kurds. The only thing Europe did to give them this security was to remonstrate with Sultan Abdul Hamid, who replied by arming the Kurds and enrolling them as irregular cavalry under his own name, Hamidieh. Meanwhile, he refused arms to the Christians, and this refusal is still enforced by the Turkish Government, in spite of the promise of the "Young Turk" Consti-

[1] The Catholicos of Etchmiaczine (Russia) is their ecclesiastical head.

tution. And yet no one can read the account of the granting of that Constitution as given by the official reports in our Government White Paper (Turkey, No. 1, 1909) without being struck by the fact that everywhere its promulgation was a terror to evil-doers.

Is it to be a beautiful promise unfulfilled? It would seem so, for so common has rape and murder become that to-day no Armenian dare travel alone. Every day brings news of the lifting of sheep and cattle. In one district alone 5,000 sheep had been taken. The Inspector of the Schools of the See of Aghtamar, with his companion, has been murdered in Karkar and cruelly mutilated. The reports come, not from one region, but from places as wide apart as Van and Adana, Bitlis and Hadjin. To all these things the Turkish Government is supremely indifferent, and the Patriarch interviews Ministers and utters protests in vain.

On account of these disorders and the indifference of the Government, Noradougian Effendi, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Turkey, sent in his resignation on September 28th, 1912. He was asked to draw up a scheme for Eastern Anatolia. But enough of such schemes! There is no intention, and there never was any intention, of letting these paper reforms be put into execution.

Thus the year 1913 opens gloomily for Armenia. The war has caused stagnation in trade and a rise in the price of foodstuffs; moreover, the cattle have been taken for transport work, besides those stolen by the Kurds, and the able-bodied youths have been sent to the seat of war. Should their Moslem neighbors be roused to fanatical fury and visit the calamities of the war upon the Armenians, the latter will be in a peculiarly defenceless position. It will be another case of the Christians and the burning of Rome. Turk and Kurd have so long regarded the Armenians as their milch cows, whom they can drain with impunity, that it does not seem possible that a defeated army returning to Anatolia, unfed but armed, and bearing in their hearts a grudge for their cruel suffering and shameful repulse can settle down quietly. The fact that the Sheik-ul-Islam has issued an Encyclical to all the Muftis of the disturbed provinces, condemning religious fanaticism and commanding them to preach against it, is a ray in the darkness. He points out that the Sheriat or sacred law used in the Turkish Courts ordains the security of the non-Moslem as well as the Moslem. But whether or not his *fetva* proclaiming the *Jehad*, or Holy War, deluges Asiatic Turkey in blood, will largely depend on the use made of the Moslem pulpit. In 1908 a most effective and beneficent use was made of this pulpit as is shown in our Government White Paper (Turkey, No. 1, 1909, Section No. 65).

The Mufti of Silvan on the occasion of the recent festival of Bairam preached against the Christians, especially the Armenians, and that district is much agitated in consequence, for before all the great massacres of 1894-1897 and 1909 the fanaticism of the people was fanned by preachers sent on purpose. Thus on the Thursday before the massacre at Antioch, a grand personage, claiming to be the Head of a Society of Moslems, vowed to devote himself even to the death for religion and country, came and harangued the Turks, and the preaching and buying up of arms and ammunition went on till Monday, April 19th, 1909. On that afternoon, while the Mohammedan chiefs were actually proclaiming "Peace, Liberty, and Fraternity," the massacre began and lasted until the arrival of the warship for which the British Vice-Consul had applied. Out of all that city hardly

any Armenian *men* remained alive.

Members of this society are being sent to the Chataldja lines, and it is with this spirit that the Ulemas are trying to inspire the troops. Well might one ask, "Are the warships ready?" They will be needed to help the Turkish Government to keep order, not merely at Constantinople, but on the Black Sea coast and along the Cilician shore.

The polished Turkish gentleman seems to have a fascination for certain English minds. Yet, in many cases, he was the organizer of "The events."[3] On the other hand, massacres were doubtless rendered more hideous by the letting loose of the savage section that is found at the bottom of every population. In Turkey, however, the soldiery have invariably acted alongside of these ruffians.

Yet the Turkish peasant under a good Governor is often a quiet, industrious, and respectable citizen, though, speaking generally, the Armenian nation is "The industrious, energetic, self-respecting element in the Turkish Empire," while it may be mentioned that there is a long list of illustrious Russian Generals who were Armenians.

That the Armenians should have kept up the sanctity of home life through all these centuries of oppression, while going in constant fear of having their women and girls torn from them, shows that there must be moral grit in the race; and their devotion at all costs to that church, which has, throughout, been their one bond of national unity and their guide and consoler, must appeal to all who have any reverence for religion or patriotism.

Men of known judgment and ability, long resident in Turkey, testify that all nationalities can live side by side peaceably and happily, provided only the local governor is just.

We read that at the present moment the governors of the provinces where outrages are most frequent neither punish nor arrest the criminals, but spend their time in searching for arms in Armenian houses. "It is the same donkey," as the Eastern proverb says. Just in this way did they rob the Armenians of Urfa of all weapons before they slaughtered them in 1895.

A Mohammedan governor can, if he wishes, protect his subjects from robbery and outrage and make life worth living, but it is impossible for a Mohammedan governor to treat the Mohammedans and Christians under him as equal, for this is against his religion. The Koran forbids molestation and cruel treatment of subject races who pay their taxes, but inculcates the dogma that all "infidels" ought to be the bondmen of the "true believers." To conquer them by the sword and hold them in subjection is the duty of all true Moslems. All reforms which promise equality are mere falsehoods wherewith to blind Europe, for the enlightened views of the present Sheik-ul-Islam and some other Turkish leaders have not yet permeated the mass of the people.

The injustice of the present molestation of Armenians is all the more glaring because the Young Turkey Party owe them a debt of gratitude. For it is not too much to say that, without the loyal support of the Armenians, the Young Turks could never have overthrown the Palace camarilla which was sapping the life of the country. Indeed, there are those who affirm that it was an Armenian brain that planned the wonderfully successful *coup* of July 24th, 1908.

After the granting of the Constitution on July 23rd, 1908, it seemed for a few months as if the Golden Age had come. All nationalities fraternized, and in future there were to be neither Armenians, Greeks, Turks, nor

[3] A term used to denote "massacres" in private letters from ravaged districts to avoid falling foul of Turkish censors.

Albanians, but all were Osmanli (Ottomans). All political prisoners were set free, exiles returned, and the Royal Princes of the blood were allowed to come out of their seclusion; freed from teskeries and spies the land breathed more freely; and men began to think that the Committee of Union and Progress had converted Midhat's Constitution of 1876 into a reality.

Amongst the Young Turkey Party were men who had risen above the teaching of their Prophet and were willing to give equality to all. Through them something was done, by appointing better men as governors, and this saved Aintab, Malatia, and Harpoot from sharing the fate of Adana. Yet to-day the Armenians are not free, and although the law courts no longer refuse to hear Christian evidence, the verdict is given on the Moslem evidence. Now they have to fear not only the returning army, but the Turks from the Balkans who are trekking back to Asia and will need homesteads. These are passing Constantinople with their families and family belongings, their cattle, and their buffalo and ox-carts, much as they passed into Europe five hundred years ago. They affirm that their homes were burnt by the retreating Turkish army, and not by the Bulgarians; the latter are carrying on war in a civilized fashion.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. Freeman foretold that, unless the two following points were insisted on at the coming Berlin Conference, the whole work would have to be done again. In the face of the present situation, it might be well to remember them:

1st. Whatever be the form of government in any of these lands, the Turk must have no hand in choosing the governors.

2nd. No spot in any of the lands that are to be set free must be garrisoned by Turkish soldiers.

Will this warning again be neglected?

We would, in conclusion, further commend the following suggestions, among the many that have been made for the improvement of the condition of the Armenians, since these three would seem to be feasible and moderate.

(1) An increase in the number of foreign consuls. But commercial consuls have ceased to be of much use, since Turkey learned that no action would be taken on their reports.

(2) The substitution of military consuls for commercial consuls. The Turk respects things military, and it is certain from past occurrences that the military consul is more effective; this would surely outweigh the extra cost.

(3) The appointment of a Christian Governor over the six Vilayets.

The difference between these three is briefly this:

(1) Civil consuls can *report* on a massacre—*e.g.*, Vice-Consul Fitzmaurice at Urfa, March, 1896.

(2) Military consuls can *stop* a massacre—*e.g.*, Major Doughty-Wylie at Adana, April, 1909.

(3) Governors can *prevent* a massacre and restore order—*e.g.*, Daud Pasha, who was the first Governor of the Lebanon, installed July 14th, 1861.

This last was an Armenian Catholic, and, in spite of the oft-repeated prophecies of the Porte that the appointment of a Christian governor would rouse the Moslem population to fresh outbursts of fury and fanaticism and result in worse massacres than ever, he restored the Lebanon to prosperity and tranquillity. And to-day travellers tell how the very fields reveal where Turkish misrule ends and Constitutional rule begins. But it must

be borne in mind that Daud Pasha was appointed Governor of the Lebanon for three years and could not be removed at the fancy of the Sultan. [The disastrous effect of changing governors, when their schemes for improvement are but just begun, may be seen at Adana to-day. Djemal Bey has been sent to Bagdad, and the orphanage remains unfinished, the rebuilding and orphan grants unpaid.]

Moreover, Daud was not obliged to depend on Turkish troops to keep order, otherwise he must have failed. At first he was supported by the French troops, who only left in August, when the ships of the French and English squadrons still cruised off that coast; and while thus sheltered he prepared a military force from the inhabitants of the Lebanon which made the presence of Turkish soldiery unnecessary.

This is what is wanted in the six Armenian Vilayets to-day, and the Moslem section of the population would benefit only less than the Armenian. For if the Kurds were restrained and justice were administered, the wave of prosperity which would flow through these fertile provinces would benefit every inhabitant, and open a market for European commerce.

The alarming predictions of the Turkish Government were falsified in the case of the Lebanon, and if the same Constitution were granted to the Armenians, although the Porte might try to fulfil its own prediction by stirring up fanaticism, it is more than probable that history would repeat itself.

Were the six Powers as thoroughly agreed as the Balkan Allies have been that Turkish misrule must end, it would cease at once; for the Turk is a good subject, and his fatalism makes him the slave of the accomplished fact. Let him but realize that Fate, in the shape of United Europe, is too strong for him, and he will fold his hands and say "Kismet, it is decreed."

Lucy C. F. Cavendish.

The Contemporary Review.

A QUESTION OF GOOD MANNERS.

One evening in early spring, a little crowd of men and women made their way in twos and threes to a public schoolhouse, in a fairly important Finnish town. There they took their seats quietly, in a large well-lighted hall; and settled themselves down with an air of content, as of folk who know they have pleasure in store, and are bent on enjoying it, on profiting by it, too, to the full. They talked to one another eagerly, exchanging expressive glances the while, and showing subtle signs of staid excitement. Although there was nothing sad or depressing about them, there was more than a touch of wistfulness; they were evidently of the sort who take life in earnest instinctively. They had keen anxious faces, many of them, the faces of born fighters, of the Covenanter type, though not the Ishmaelite. So far as appearances went they were, it must be confessed, a somewhat "homely" set, in the American meaning of the term. Still there was not a dull, heavy, or stupid-looking man or woman among them. On the contrary they had all bright eyes; they all seemed alert, all more or less intelligent, too.

They belonged for the most part, it was easy to see, to the class that work with their hands, not their heads to the tinker and tailor and candlestick maker class. There were artisans of every kind there, with a sprinkling

among them of day laborers, of small traders too, railwaymen, fishermen, and even clerks. The women, as is always the case, were more difficult to rank than the men. Most of them, however, were. or had been, domestic servants, laundresses, or seamstresses, I was told; and most of them were, or had been, married. Men and women alike belonged evidently to the respectable class, a fair section of them to what we should call the respectable poor class. Still there was nothing glaringly poverty-stricken about even the poorest of them, nothing that betokened the want that degrades. They were all neatly dressed in work-a-day clothes, which. if well patched, were also well brushed and clean. As a whole, indeed, they seemed a fairly prosperous little company, a little company made up of those who, if they must work hard, could at any rate live in decent comfort on what they earned by their work. None the less there was just here and there among them a woman—women feel the pinch of scant rations sooner than men—whose face made one wish that a good square meal could forthwith be set before her.

These people were met together for a debate, an academic debate, too. curiously enough, considering that it was a time of great political excitement in Finland. All classes were banded together waging war, silently, relentlessly, against their Russian rulers. For they were firmly convinced that their constitution was in danger, that the St. Petersburg Imperial Government were plotting to deprive them of their freedom; and rather death, they held. than life in bondage. In the midst of their national struggle, however, of their work, too, and of their worry, their ceaseless hand-to-hand fight for daily bread, they had managed to form themselves into a club for the purpose of trying to find solutions for social problems, and spreading. if not sweetness, at any rate light. Politics they were, of course, not allowed to discuss. And this was their club night. On the stroke of eight all talking ceased, and their President took his place in the only chair on the platform.

He was a great, burly fellow, in the prime of life, well under fifty, with a shrewd, kindly face; a carpenter by calling, my neighbor whispered. His manner was genial; he glanced around him as one who knows he is among friends; and his voice rang true as he spoke in his odd Finnish dialect. There was no trace of self-consciousness about him; for that he was far too much in earnest; and if he were, as he said, feeling nervous, it was assuredly less on his own account than on account of the subject he had chosen for the evening's debate. For it was Good Manners; and he was afraid, he confessed, lest some of his fellow-members should cavil at his choice, holding that the subject was in itself not of sufficient importance to be worth discussing seriously. Should they cavil. however, they would show their wrong-headedness, he told them, roundly; and he straightway set to work to prove that he had good reasons for what he said.

According to him bad manners are at the root of half the misery in this world, and of a good three-fourths of discomfort. They break more hearts than crimes do, and they cause more heads to be broken. For they worry and harry and render homes desolate, driving men and women through sheer bad temper into evil ways. "If only we Finns had all good manners, Finland would be quite a different place from what it is," he declared. But it is not easy to have good manners, he informed us, with a confidential little nod, especially not for men of his sort, who have never had lessons in such matters. "We should all of us like to have good manners; we try very hard indeed, some of us, to have good man-

ners; but we fail quite woefully sometimes, because we do not know what good manners are. We do not know, that's where our difficulty lies."

There was something quite pathetic in the tone in which he spoke; and his hearers, as if to show their sympathies, echoed back his words: "Yes, yes, that's where our difficulty lies."

"It is a real puzzle sometimes," he continued, meditatively, "to know what one ought to do; what one would do naturally, without considering at all, if only we had good manners. I am often puzzled in this way. I cudgel my brain and I think and I think, but it is all in vain: at the end I am no more sure what I ought to do than I was at the beginning. And it is the same, no doubt, with some of you. That is why a debate on good manners might be helpful to us, it seems to me, might make many things clear. But for it to be really helpful, we must keep it within limits; for the subject is a big one, and we cannot stay here all night. We must discuss not good manners in general, but good manners in some one special case. And I have thought of a case that will serve our purpose. It came into my head the other day for all the world like a flash of lightning."

Here he stopped for a moment, and scanned us all over as if to see how we were taking what he said. There was a little gleam as of a coming triumph in his eyes, and he chuckled. Evidently he was very proud of his case. It was a puzzling one, though, he warned us, one in which any member of that Club who had to face it, might well be in doubt as to what he ought to do; yet one which any member might have to face any day, and make up his mind at a moment's notice what to do. And therein lay its value as a subject of debate. He then proceeded to state it:

A man rose up early one Sunday morning and hurried off to church, that he might be there in time to secure for himself a seat, and thus hear his favorite preacher in comfort. He was a delicate man, and he had been hard at work the whole week long. He would therefore gladly have stayed in bed a little longer that Sunday morning; and he would have stayed in bed, had it not been for his wish to hear this preacher. He secured a seat and sat there waiting for a good half-hour before the service began.

Then, just at the last moment, when the bell had ceased ringing, and there was not an unoccupied chair, a lady came sauntering into church. She was strong and well; she looked, indeed, as if she had never had a day's illness in her life, and had never done a day's work. She looked, too, as if she had spent hours on her toilette; for she was dressed with infinite care.

Now, as a question of good manners, ought that man, or ought he not, to give up to the lady his chair? The chair he had come so early and with such great self-sacrifice to secure, the chair on which depended his chance of hearing that sermon; for he was not strong enough to stand. This question the carpenter propounded quite seriously; and he called upon us to discuss it, to answer it, too, if we could.

To me, a mere matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon, there seemed nothing to discuss, the answer to the question being as plain as the proverbial pikestaff. Not so to these Finns, however; for they smiled, nay they beamed, and they whispered to one another, casting glances of admiration and wonder at their President the while. There was no mistaking what they thought. The case he had brought before them was one after their own hearts, one they felt sure they could discuss with propriety, and also with profit. It seemed to touch them all personally, strange to say, and to appeal with equal force

both to the women and to the men. Still, although they were honestly delighted with it, as a subject of debate, it was easy to see that they found it, as they had been warned they would, very puzzling. They soon began wrinkling their brows and rubbing their heads; and they threw themselves back in their chairs. Some shut their eyes; others looked intently at the ceiling; others again at the tips of their toes. Never did I see such manifest signs of brain cudgelling as there were in that room. Ought the man to give up his chair or ought he not? One might have thought from the faces of these people, as they sat there weighing its pros and cons, that the question was of vital importance to them all, and that they were bound under dire penalties to answer it. They pondered as if scanning the scales, with "he ought" in the one and "he ought not" in the other. Which way did they turn? Surely they were evenly balanced? Every man's heart was set on answering rightly, and so was every woman's that the most casual observer could see; and many of them were evidently sorely troubled, because in doubt as to what the right answer ought to be.

And all the while there was not a man or woman in the room but knew that, before sunset on the morrow, their streets might be flowing with blood. For that very day the rumor had spread that a force of Cossacks were on their way to Finland, with orders to make short work of what in St. Petersburg was dubbed sedition. To think of discussing a question of good manners in such circumstances, of pondering on what courtesy decrees!

At length the President rang his bell and the debate began. It was opened by a man about thirty who must have had good luck with his womenfolk, unless, indeed, he had never had any, or they had all died young. For the burden of his discourse was the innate superiority of woman to man, mentally, morally, and in all other ways. He seemed to have put the whole sex on a pedestal, and to have no wish in life beyond strewing flowers before it. The very worst of women was better than the very best of men, he assured us; and he spoke in a tone which showed that he really meant what he said. This being the case, his answer to the question was from the first a foregone conclusion: the chair must, of course, be given up to the lady, he declared emphatically. The point was one on which there could be no doubt at all. "The mere thought of a woman having to stand, while a man has a seat, makes my blood boil," was his concluding remark.

In a second a stalwart matron—a cook, and a very good one, I heard it whispered—was on her feet, rating him soundly. It made her blood not only boil, but boil over, she said, to hear a man talk such arrant nonsense.

"The worst of women better than the best of men, forsooth," she exclaimed scornfully. "It just shows how little you know about either women or men. I have lived with them both and I have cooked for them both; and they are much of a muchness to live with; but I would rather cook for men than for women. A man always knows a good dinner when he gets it, and he is grateful for it, which is more than can be said for most women. It is such men as you who go ruining silly women, let me tell you," she continued sharply, "You don't know all the harm you do fadding them up and filling their heads with stupid notions. I do think, Mr. President, that in a Club such as this, we ought to hear common-sense; and it is not common-sense to say that that poor ailing fellow ought to give up his chair to that great, strong woman, just because she is a

woman. Of course he ought to do naught of the sort; and if she had a shred of decency about her, but I do not suppose she had, she would not take it. But she ought not to have the chance of taking it; that is what I say, and I am right." Having made this point clear, she sat down.

The next speaker was an elderly man, a dreamer of dreams, I should say, of sad dreams too. He had long, shaggy, grey hair, that floated about in all directions; and eyes that glowed but did not seem to see, as he spoke. He was all for the equality of the sexes: men and women must stand side by side and go through life hand in hand, as good comrades, he maintained; for were they not all members of one great family, the human race? They must learn together, work together, lead the same lives; they must go share and share alike with pleasure and with pain, with the good things of this life and the bad. Above all they must bear one another's burdens, and with gladness; otherwise there would be woe and desolation in the land, weeping and wringing of hands, the outcome of strife. "It is only by the ceaseless sacrificing of self . . . ."

At this point a hard-featured, middle-aged spinster interrupted him ruthlessly, calling out in a shrill high-pitched voice: "That is all very well, but what about that chair? Which of them ought to have the chair? That is the question."

The poor man collapsed utterly: he cast one hopeless glance around and sank down into his seat. But he was not allowed to escape. The spinster pressed him for an answer: "Which of them ought to have that chair?" she demanded, "That is what we wish to know." And it was evident from the way in which she fixed her eyes upon him, that she fully intended to force him to let us know. In the stress of the moment, however, he lost his head completely; he began talking wildly, in a strain we could none of us quite understand; and he wound up by declaring that they must both of them have it, they must share it. Whereupon the spinster looked so shocked that there was laughter, a notable fact, for the Finns are not easily moved to mirth.

A member who, judging by appearances, might have been a diplomatist, but who was in reality a tailor, I was told, stepped into the breach; and, by means of a few well-turned compliments, cleared the air. This done, he turned his attention to the case.

He spoke as a mere worldling, he was careful to explain, as one who was no idealist, no weaver of fine theories, or expounder of fanciful views. It was only because he could speak from the standpoint of common-sense that he had any claim to speak at all, indeed, he seemed to think. "Now there is nothing heroic about common-sense," he informed us, "nothing that stirs the emotions, or moves to eloquence. Common-sense is not ornamental, nor interesting, nor yet amusing. On the other hand it is very useful. It may not appeal to the heart, but it does appeal to the head, and that is why it is our safest guide in dealing with such a question as this. Whenever I am in doubt as to what I ought to do, or leave undone, I just ask myself quietly, 'What does common-sense say?'

"Now what does common-sense say about that chair? Does it say that the man ought to give it up to the lady, or that he ought not? Yes or no? That is what we have to consider. Why it says 'Yes,' of course. Nothing could be plainer."

At this there were loud cheers mingled with shrill protests.

"It does not say, mark you, that the lady ought to have it," he continued,

"only that the man ought to give it to her. Perhaps you would like to know why, and that is not easy to explain. In judging of such matters, you see, we have to consider not the interests of the man, or of the woman, but the interests of the whole community. It is for the community as a whole that we must take thought."

As he made this remark, he glanced around, as if challenging contradiction, but no one spoke.

"From the very beginning it was ordained," he remarked, somewhat loftily, "that man should be the care-taker of woman; that he should cherish and protect her. This is a law enacted for the benefit of the community; it is one of the doctrines on which society is founded; and the day we set it at naught, society will come tumbling down—anarchy and confusion will prevail."

He paused for a moment as if expecting cheers; but his audience failed him, not feeling quite sure, seemingly, what he was driving at.

"Now for a man to leave a woman standing while he has a chair, would be to set this doctrine at naught; for in acting thus he would not be taking care of her, cherishing her, and protecting her. He would be breaking one of society's laws, in fact, and thus doing what he could to hasten the coming of anarchy. He must give her the chair, not for her own sake, you understand, but for the sake of the community. In a word he must sacrifice himself that society may remain firmly established."

He sat down with the air of one who knows that he has solved correctly a difficult problem, but who is quite prepared to hear his solution derided. And derided it was, openly, contemptuously, by a good third of the women in that room. One of them a dainty little lady with large blue eyes, who was quite prettily dressed in grey, was up in a second, challenging every statement he had made.

"Man the care-taker of woman!" she exclaimed with withering scorn, "You are indeed an antediluvian, you must have passed your youth in the Ark to talk, in this our day, of men protecting and cherishing women. Society is in a 'parlous' state if built on no surer foundation than that. We are quite well able to take care of ourselves, I can assure you," she continued, "and we have no wish to be either cherished or protected. My experience is that, when trouble comes, it is we more often than not who have to protect you," she added, amidst cheers and laughter; for, whereas he was over six feet high and stalwart, she was well under five, and looked as if a good puff of wind would blow her away. She was evidently annoyed at the merriment her remark excited, for she cried angrily: "Our heads are every whit as strong as yours, even if our bodies are not—Who takes most prizes at school, boys or girls? We want none of your protection, your care; what we want is justice."

Here the President, seeing danger ahead perhaps—in those days Finnish women could neither vote nor sit in Parliament—called out "Order! Order!" and begged the lady to stick to the point:—ought the man to give up the chair?

"Of course he ought," she retorted rather snappishly, "No, no, I don't mean that," she added hurriedly, as certain warning cries were raised. "He ought not. At least . . . . But it really would not matter whether he offered it or not, as the lady would of course not take it." As this statement was greeted with manifestations of dissent, she sank into her chair with tears in her eyes.

A widow, with a peaceful motherly face, then arose and begged to be allowed to say a few words. She had

a pleasant, kindly voice, and she spoke slowly, as if weighing well what she had to say before saying it. She did not agree with the last speaker, she told us quietly. Women are all the better and happier, she held, for having some one to look after them; and they ought to be very thankful when they have some one. Nor did she agree with the tailor. It was all very well for him to say that one ought to take thought for the community; but she, for her part, could not. She could take thought for children, and also for men and women, but not for the community. Besides, what was the good of one's taking thought for the community, seeing that no one could make the community comfortable? "What we have got to take thought for is just children and men and women, it seems to me," she declared, with quiet emphasis, "for we can make them comfortable. They have bodies we can feed and keep out of harm's way, minds we can hinder from worrying, and ruffled feelings that we can soothe."

This remark was hailed with lively applause by the men, I noticed. She waited until the cheers had subsided and then continued tranquilly: "Now, about that chair. It is very hard to say whether the man ought to give it up, or not. I am not quite sure. Still I think he had better give it up. For if he did not, he would not feel a bit at ease in his mind sitting there, while the lady was standing. And if he was not at ease in his mind, he could not possibly listen to the sermon. So he had better give it up. Yes, I am sure he had."

There was a manifest tendency on the part of many of the younger women to sniff at the widow as old-fashioned, and several of them in turn tried hard to make her see wherein she was wrong. But they failed; her only reply to all their expostulations being a gentle shake of the head. Then several of the men took the tailor to task, but somewhat gingerly, as if half afraid to tackle him. Evidently his solution of the problem had impressed them, whether they agreed with it or not. Besides, as the declared apostle of common-sense, he was in a strong position, common-sense being one of those qualities which no one ever quite likes to attack openly.

By this time it was evident that the majority of the men members of the Club had firmly made up their minds that, for one reason or another, the lady must have the chair; and also that the majority of the women had made up theirs equally firmly that she must not. And there were just about as many men in the room as there were women. Thus, had the voting been taken then, it is very doubtful what the result would have been, whether the "yeses" would have outnumbered the "noes," or the "noes" the "yeses." While the verdict, however, was hanging in the balance, as it were, even the professional prophets of the Club not venturing to say on which side it would go down, a speech was made which served as the veriest sword of Brennus. It was a man who made it; one who had the face of a poet, although he was by trade a cobbler. He looked very delicate: his eyes were much too bright for health, and he coughed from time to time. None the less he spoke with a vigor and energy that took the whole room by storm.

He began by accusing us of playing with the subject under discussion, of treating it superficially, in a spirit of levity. Not one of us had even tried to probe it to its depths, he told us, to fathom its inner meaning. It might have been the veriest fairy tale, indeed, from the way in which we had "frivolled" with it.

Anything more manifestly unjust than this attack I never heard; for

what had struck me most forcibly about the debate was the quite appalling seriousness of the debaters.

"Can any man or woman in this room be blind to the fact that the President's case is an allegory, a parable?" he asked us, sternly. "Can any man or woman be blind to the fact that the chair in dispute is symbolic?"

The President started as if he had been shot. That he, the framer of the case, had until that very moment been blind to the fact that the chair was anything but a chair, *pur et simple*, I feel sure. Being an honest man, he wished to say so, that was evident; he tried indeed, again and again, but he could never get a word in edgeway. For when the cobbler had once begun there was no stopping him. His words rushed forth pell-mell, helter-skelter, sweeping all before them. He paid no heed to interruptions—he did not even hear them—no heed to the President's bell: he ahd a message, and deliver it he must and would. We might all have been the veriest stocks and stones for any thought he gave to us or our wishes in the matter. It was as if he knew that he might never again have the chance of delivering his message, that he might never again have the chance of speaking to his fellows face to face, and telling them of the thoughts with which his head was teeming, thoughts which he had perhaps for years been hoarding. There was something quite tragic in the passionate earnestness of his face.

The man was a born orator. It came as naturally to him to express himself in glowing terms as it comes to most of us to eat our dinners. He knew instinctively how to thrill, and how to touch, how to soothe, and how to excite; and he turned his knowledge to good account. For he held most of his audience in the hollow of his hand, as he stood there unfolding the inner meaning of the President's case.

"This case has been in my mind for years, although never has it been put into words until to-night," he began. "I have wrestled with it in one form or another, day in, day out, ever since my hand could hold a last. For it is part and lot of the great human problem, the problem that confronts us, let us turn where we will, that harries and worries us, clamouring for solution ceaselessly. The man who rose up early from his bed that Sunday morning was a symbol of the human race," he then went on to explain to us, "of the poor, suffering, struggling, blundering, muddle-headed human race, which finds itself at once beset with difficulties, whenever it tries to do what is right." He begged us to take note that had this man yielded to temptation and stayed quietly in bed, he would have saved himself much worry: he would never have had to decide whether to keep the chair or not. "Would it have been well for him, therefore, had he stayed in bed?"

This question the speaker put to us pointedly, wrathfully, thus making some of us feel extremely uncomfortable; for it almost seemed as if he had read correctly the thought that was passing through our minds. But, although he put it to us, he gave us no chance of answering it. "No, no, a thousand times no!" he thundered forth with horror, as if the mere suggestion of a "yes" were rank blasphemy. "It would not have been well for him; for the chair is the symbol of the infinitely good, of what purifies, inspires and exalts. A whole lifetime of worry is but a meagre price to pay for its possession even for one moment."

His eyes flashed and he trembled in every limb with excitement.

And the lady! She too was of course a symbol, although of what I am by no means sure; for just as he began "explaining" her, the President rang

his bell, and pointed to the clock. It was already on the stroke of ten, the time fixed for the closing of the hall.

Then there was a great clamour. Appeals for a few minutes' grace came from all sides; for the whole audience, men and women alike, were bent on knowing what this revealer of inner meanings thought the man ought to do, whether he ought to give up the chair or not. Until he had made this point clear, they could not and would not vote, they swore; and they begged and entreated that he would make it clear; and they wound up by insisting that made it clear he must, by insisting, too, that he should have the time in which to make it clear, let the rules of the Club say what they would. So determined were they that the President was forced to yield to their wishes, even at the risk of bringing down on himself a police reprimand. He called upon the cobbler to answer the question, exhorting him, however, for law and order's sake, for the Club's sake too, to do so as briefly as possible.

There was no fear, however, of his answering it at any great length; for that, the "crossing of the bar" was already too near at hand. It was quite pitiable, indeed, to see him as he stood there; he was so eager to speak, so eager to make things clear to us; he had so much he would fain have told us, if only he had had the strength. But his chance had come too late: he must cut his message short, and he knew it. At first it seemed, indeed, as if he could not speak at all; then he pulled himself together, and repeated the question, gravely, meditatively, as if speaking to himself rather than to us. "Ought the man to give the chair to the lady?" He paused and there was the silence as of death in the room. Then a light came into his eyes, and a smile played around his lips. "Yes, he ought to give it to her," he cried, with a ring of triumph in his voice. "He must give it to her, he has no alternative. He must give it to her for his own sake, not for hers; for the sake of his own soul, for the sake of all there is in him that is noble and precious. He must give it to her lest he should become selfish and callous."

We all felt, for the moment at any rate, that he had found the right answer for the President's question, and we voted "yes" unanimously without a scruple. Later, some of the women it is true, began to have doubts as to whether we had voted rightly; and even to worry themselves as to whether, for the sake of the man's soul, we had not sacrificed the soul of the lady. They who did so received no sympathy, however, the point they raised being pronounced irrelevant.

As I trudged off home that night, I wondered how the debate would have gone had the debaters been Londoners, and the subject of discussion not a chair in a church, but a seat at six P.M. in the District Railway. I, too, cudgelled my brain very hard; but it utterly refused to picture cobblers and carpenters, washerwomen and cooks, coming together in Edgware Road to discuss a question of good manners. The Finns may have too many ideas in their heads, and their ideas may be somewhat crude; still we as a race should be all the better, surely, had we a few more in our heads, even though they were crude.

Edith Sellers.

The Cornhill Magazine.

"———AND A PERLE IN THE MYDDES."

I.

"TOM! hi, TOM! Tom Thacker!"

Snowballs belong to the category of the Unexpected. Even on the dark of a December afternoon, when earth is white and schools are emptied, their essential quality is still that of surprise. A rear attack, and cold shrapnel down the collar . . . no amount of snow on the ground and riotous boyhood in the streets can eliminate the factor of shock from this, of all things unexpected the most, in the conditions, to be expected.

In the streets, I say. But when to the winter-dark is superadded the gloom of a dimly lit cathedral, where, of all things expected, snowballs, even on a snowy winter's day, must surely be the least! . . .

"Tom Thacker! Tom, I say!"

Then the shot and the shudder.

Or did the shudder precede the shot? Certainly a shuddering of the soul possessed me at hearing my own name uttered in that ghostly atmosphere where I, the victim of an ill-organized train-service, was a chance and absolute stranger. Swift on the spiritual shivering followed the bodily. I turned sharply. A little shadow seemed to waver behind a pillar, a stifled giggle to flicker in the gloom. At an appreciable distance an ancient verger pottered among the monuments of the great dead. He solely shared my solitude. His face was like puckered parchment. One could not suspect such dry dust capable of the melting onslaught. Besides, I had had speech with him, and he had tasted silver.

Considering my position tactically, I turned my back upon the pillar, the ambush, I now felt assured, of something which had haunted me from the hour of my birth. And longer; but I did not at the moment realize this in its full significance. I did, however, realize that what the pillar concealed had compelled and eluded me since my descent on Welchester platform three hours previously, where I was told that my earliest connection with Bridestow was at 10.25 before midnight—a slow train landing me at my goal at four o'clock in the morning.

I was joining the housewarming of one of my oldest friends, five miles outside Bridestow; my invitation extended over a month's span, and covered Christmas and Twelfth-Night festivities. December the sixth saw me stranded in an unknown town with that strange sense of joylessness which accompanies the going agley of journey-plans in a chilly dusk. But something more than the customary forlornness was needful to account for my mood.

A kind of fatality, a prevision of unseen forces at work, deepened it to a significance hardly communicable in words. I was not experiencing this for the first time, but I had never before experienced it in such an acute degree. The sensation itself recurred annually, lasting the greater part of each December. A desperate unrest possessed me, an unaccountable certainty that I was wanted Somewhere by Someone. At intervals I had the feeling that I was wanted less in another place than in another era. The distances of time rather than space dragged at the roots of me. My absolute ignorance of the cause of this periodical mood rendered me incapable of dispelling it; but no December within my memory had passed without the return of the disturbance, and I knew that if its motive-power were ever made plain to me by some clue of

chance, I would obey it to the limits of unreason.

To outsiders my spiritual disease in this period was made accountable by a physical ailment which succeeded to the mood with a clockwork regularity. So surely as Christmas Day began to lengthen its shadows, so surely was I beset with a violent ague. Fever and shivering battled for possession of my body during some seven days, and expired together, leaving me a weak and despondent victor. The yearly recurrence of this illness was in itself something of a mystery; but it served ostensibly to justify the three-weeks' moodiness of which it was the apparent culmination. Yet inwardly I knew my mental disorder to be a thing in nowise dependent on the bodily affliction it preceded.

On the morning of my departure for Bridestow, I was still unaffected by my annual gloom; I had commenced my journey in sunlight, void of any psychic trouble; but very soon the cloud began to gather and grow dense, and at Welchester, where my train branched off from the Bridestow line, it was of an extraordinary oppressiveness. Even had the train been continuing to my destination, I knew that I would still have been compelled to alight at this place. On the platform, my baggage about me, I discovered the alteration of the train I had relied on to carry me to my friends that night. The prospect of the 10.25 was impossibly cheerless; of course I would spend the night in Welchester. But even without the warranting circumstances, I knew that I *must*. Something in Welchester wanted me.

Should he, said the porter, carry my things to the Station Hotel? It seemed the reasonable course; but I shook my head, and had them deposited in the parcels office. I had a premonition that I would not be sleeping at the Station Hotel that night.

I turned out into the streets, where pale early lamplight and dingy daylight struggled feebly with the more vivid mirage of light cast upward by the snow.

I told myself I must get something to eat, and made an unhesitating track through the streets of the dim old city. I had heard much of the historic and romantic charm of Welchester, but I scarcely looked about me as I went. For I began to realize that I knew the charm and the city by heart. I had trod these ways before. I barely heard the sound of my own steps on the powdered pavements. It was as though they were trodden by a ghost. . . .

I came to a halt. Not before hotel, or restaurant, or teashop,—*that* had not been the primitive need directing me; but in front of the grand Cathedral towering in ancient silence on the city's marge. Beyond it stretched flat quiet fields, levelled to the frozen Wele, which holds the old cathedral town in a crook of its arm like a lover. One of these flats was dotted with gravestones; on another boys were playing, their voices and scufflings coming with an odd effect of distance. Some of them were sliding on the river, or chucking stones and lumps of broken ice across its slippery face. At yet a little distance the great fragments of Welchester Castle stood out against the sky. A dull glow from the west filtering through the ruined windows lit them into a semblance of life. It seemed possible to imagine men and women still habiting those windy chambers; and boys, boys. . . .

"What do you want?"

I uttered the words aloud, in mechanical answer to a thin sound in the air seeming to call my name—to a wisp of motion plucking at my sleeve. But I was mistaken; it had been a trick of the wind.

As I turned into the Cathedral the

rumor of the great organ flooded me; then, sweet and shrill, the voices of choir-boys. Some service or practice was on. Disappointed, I turned away. I wanted the place to myself. All these others—worshippers, choristers, priest—had no business there. I must bide my time.

At the door I heard—did I hear?—the merest whisper.

"*Tom . . .*"

I paused, breath held. I looked back. Uncertain shadows danced about me.

"Imagination," I decided; "I'll get something to eat and come back again." And I repeated, not in my thoughts, but under my breath, like an assurance: "I shall come back again."

I made a tour of the great building, turning my back on the west where the country stretched into the open. Streets lay to the east, and shops too, I supposed, for by an angle of the east wall I heard the clinking of an anvil.

"There'll be a bakery near the smithy," I remembered, and turned the corner. But there was no smithy, only another angle of the Cathedral wall, an unfamiliar angle that protruded itself like an impertinence upon me who knew by heart each stone of this beloved building.

I could no longer hear the sound of iron on iron, but I had come right for the shops, of a sort. Little, mean, crooked streets like crippled beggar children huddled for warmth under this aspect of the Cathedral. I turned down the nearest, an ill-lit alley, crowded with poor shop-fronts, at the door of one of which a figure was standing. I quickened my step, and she moved instantly to meet me, hands outstretched a little, such a small, frail slip of a thing: until she was quite close I was certain she was a girl-child, and then I saw her for a bent old woman. She came to an abrupt stop as our eyes met, and hers were dim and startled.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," she said in a bewildered voice.

She was a very sweet old lady.

"Where can I get a cup of tea, mother?"

"Will you come in?" She indicated her shop-door, above which the sign "M. VENN" was just readable in half-obliterated paint.

"Is that your name?" I had an obscure feeling that there was some mistake.

"Yes, sir." She was recovering from whatever had troubled her in our encounter.

I entered the little shop. It was shabby, but exceedingly clean. Behind the counter, where loaves and cakes were sold, was entrance to a tiny parlor. Here she served me at a ridiculous price: she ran out for eggs and fresh butter and a rasher of ham, and laid the bills rather shyly beside my plate as being no part of her concern; she held herself responsible only for the tea, the brown rolls, and the really delicious home-made cake. She waited on me tremulously. We said very little. As I rose to go she asked—

"Was it all right, my dear?"

I assured her it was. It was as much as I could do not to kiss her. There were tears in her eyes, and the same trouble seemed to stir in her that I had noticed at first. Her two old hands strayed out as though to keep me. I was reluctant to go; yet one other call was stronger in me.

"Good evening——" I hesitated, glanced at her left hand, and added, "Mrs. Fenn." To which she answered in a subdued way, "Good evening, sir," and colored faintly, and hid her wedding-ring beneath her apron.

When I turned at the end of the mean little street, she was still at her door.

People were streaming out of the

Cathedral now, and for a little while I loitered about the big graveyard. Many of the tombs were old out of knowledge. In a remote corner a couple of graves had been recently dug up; ancient tenants were to be displaced by new. Their crumbling headstones lay propped against a bank. One could not read the dates and inscriptions upon them: the weather had read them too often, had worn the pages blank. . . .

I turned into the Cathedral.

The verger was there and, confound them, a few visitors. A stupid hour for visitors, cried my impatient soul: what could they hope to see in this light? Later I judged them to be American tourists "rushing" Great Britain, each half-hour planned in advance. Welchester's alloted morsel fell unfortunately; but the Cathedral is one of England's sights, and one could always say, you know, that one had not missed it.

The verger was telling things to his party. I walked towards them, not because I wished to hear, but because they were centred round the precise spot in that vast and beautiful building where my heart was beating.

"See here, Helen—the *cunnin'* mite!"

"Oh, the cutey! Who is he, anyway?"

"I guess he's that baby priest thing Mr. Levant told us be sure not to miss —now where is it?"

She turned to the inevitable Baedeker, but Master Verger was before her, a lean finger on the tiny stone effigy that was the momentary point of curiosity.

The Boy-Bishop has slipped from the memory—which means from the heart—of a world that needs him no more. Bluff King Hal struck him a buffet; Mary resuscitated him; and Queen Bess killed him for good. But for years, numbering their hundreds, there was no choir attached to the Church or the private chapels of the nobility that did not each December elect its mimic Bishop, whose term of office lasted from Saint Nicholas to Childermas. He had his trappings, his dignities, his parades; such authority as the Bishop exercised in the world of clerics was his above his youthful comrades; he even preached to them in the great Cathedral. It was a three-weeks' festival this of the Boy-Bishop, with enough of the color of pageantry and quaint licence to make it attractive to the boyish troop it concerned: a child's mummery, smiled on and sanctioned by Mother Church, who doubtless derived her own benefit therefrom. It was said that if the little chosen chorister died while still bearing his honors, he was buried with the full dignities of his estate. Some antiquaries have disputed this point; but in the Cathedrals of Welchester and Salisbury tiny child-effigies bear out the truth of it. No visible inscription supported the claims of the little figure our verger droned of; but here he was, a child in the midst of four great monuments bearing the names of princes of the Church—historic names.

"And what do *you* believe?" one of the fair Americans attacked her guide.

He coughed dustily. "It may be so, miss, and it may *not* be so. They do say as there are other heffigies cast in a minute mould to be seen elsewhere—such as knights and what not, full-grown men, you understand me, but carved smallish for convenience as it were. However, there it is."

Yes, there it was, old sceptic. How else could this small accident have crept in among those stately prelates but as their brother? A flash of ridiculous wrath passed through me. It was on the tip of my tongue to tell them all about it. . . . but about what? Ah, it was on the tip of my tongue, on the giddy verge of memory. I could no more grasp it than I could grasp that shadow dancing so oddly

behind one of the great tombs.

"But don't you know his name? He must at least have a name!" the lady persisted.

"We have no evidence to that effect, miss," returned the verger with dry precision. "We possess the hinventory of his vestments, however. The register lies opened under the glass case to your right. The character of the 'andwriting is Gothic, and somewhat 'ard to decipher. They had no School-board in those days, miss." He paused a moment for the slight but inevitable snigger of appreciation, cleared his throat a little, and ran over the list in his guide's monotone, without glancing at the protected parchment. My eye travelled down that antique document with ease. . . .

"*Imprimis*, myter well garnished with perle and precious stones, with nowches of silver, and gilt before and behind.

"*Item*, iiij rynges of silver and gilt with four redde precious stones in them.

"*Item*, j pontifical with silver and gilt, with a blew stone in hytt.

"*Item*, j owche broken silver and gilt, with iiij precious stones and a perle in the myddes——"

"They appear not to have considered pearls as precious stones," one of the young ladies observed.

"Them was the days of ignorance and darkness, miss; we know better now.—*Item*, A Crosse with a staf of coper and gilt . . . a vesture redde with lyons of silver and brydds of gold . . . one albe to the same with stars in the paro [that's the same as to say the apparel, miss] . . . one tabard of skarlett and a hoode thereto . . . one stayned cloth of the ymage of Saint Nicholas. . . ."

So he went on. And through his professional drone I repeated in my heart. "We know better now, we know better now. . . ."

"What a trousseau!" "Helen" was speaking. "But I wish I knew his name."

"You wouldn't be much the wiser for it, miss." Master Verger evidently resented the implication of his own ignorance. "We now pass on to the Grinling Gibbons Screen, carved in the year——"

He meandered to some other glory of the Cathedral. Its beauties were barely visible by night, and his little tribe followed eagerly. I stepped across Miss Helen's shadow as she passed. For the life of me I could not help it.

"His name, madam," I said, "was Nicholas Cope."

She eyed me in faint astonishment. "Oh, thank you; that's very interesting." Acknowledging me with a bow, she passed on, puzzled.

Yet less so than myself. Why had I said that? How did I know? But I did know.

"*Tom!* . . . *Tom* . . ." breathed the elusive whisper that was one with the elusive shadow. I slipped behind the tomb; but it was too quick for me.

The verger looked back, expectant of me. I approached and put a half-crown into his palm.

"I'll wander round by myself a bit; I know this place."

"That will be quite as you please, sir, I am sure." This was he at his most affable. I dropped the party and went in chase of my shadow. I had not lied. I knew the place, though I had never set foot in it in my life.

My shadow had vanished. It was playing hide-and-seek with me. I sensed the jolly little soul of mischief in the atmosphere.

"You sha'n't escape me," I muttered. "I'll get hold of you somehow. . . ."

The droning voice wandered farther off, farther. The party took leave. Through a high open window I saw stars on a frosty sky. Inside the Ca-

thedral the light was very dim.

"Tom! hi, Tom! Tom Thacker."

There was my name in full confessed. My shadow knew me. I would know him or die. The verger was approaching slowly.

"Tom Thacker! Tom, I say!"

And then! the villainous snowball full in the nape, and the darting shadow to the column's shelter, and the muffled laughter. . . .

This was the moment for manœuvres. And I, as I have said, turned my back on the certainty of that concealing column, and loitered in a wide careless circle until I had gained the right side of it, back still turned. But my unconscious ally, the verger, guarded the other side, and I had my prisoner between two fires. I leapt round and was on him—on whatever the column had been hiding.

"Now then, you young beggar!" I breathed in a triumphant whisper.

And it was no shadow—or was it? ah, but none to me! Two quick young hands were up about my neck, an eager cheek was pressed against mine, and the answering whisper was half a sob, half a laugh.

"Tom! Tom! *dear* old Tom! I knew thou'ldst come this year."

"Nick!" I said. And for the first time I began to have a glimmer of the need that had drawn me to Welchester, that had been drawing me back since the day, centuries past, when Nicholas Cope died during his term of office.

The verger was close upon us.

"Look slippy!" said Nick. Hugging my arm he dragged me away, out of the holy shadow into the holy starlight. The snow crisped under our shoes. Nick looked up, a grin all over his jolly frecked little face.

"Say, old Tom, I got thee a good 'un, did not I?"

II.

I looked down at the sturdy boyish form trudging beside me in the hose and jerkin of the fifteenth century.

"Yes," I assented, "you got me a good 'un. And now, my young gentleman, we'll have this out. Who are you?"

"Who I be?" ejaculated he. "Dost-na know me? Thou rotter!" He executed a little caper under the stars. "Oh, Tom, isna this snow just *bully!*"

"Hold hard!" I said. "Where did you pick up this stuff? Surely this wasn't your fashion of talk?"

"No, beshrew me!" laughed Nicholas Cope. "Thou and I were wont to mangle speech in other wise, ha, Tom? Dost remember how old Withum would rate us? 'Murtherers o' the honest Saxon!' a' called us. (I loved him, though.) But Lord! the kind worms they do eat holes even in my old stones within yonder, and so I hear what I hear. I'll tell thee what I know, shall I? 'Corking' and 'lemon' I know, and 'skidoo' and 'cute'—why, I be called cute a dozen times a day o' Junes, Tom."

"These are all Americanisms," I said.

"Very like. It be a friendly talk to hear in one's lonesomeness."

"Are you very lonely, Nick?"

"Oh, Tom! . . . an I'd but lived two days longer I'd ha' been buried among the children."

"Poor old chap."

"Out here—"we were crossing the graveyard now—"it'll be jolly at all seasons. Earth she's a kind guardian, a' be full o' cracks. Can hear the birds sing, and boys a-quarrel, can watch the roots o' things and little live beasts, ha? Oh, but within there, all amid those four stern preachers, that lie so strait and pompified from March to February! 'tis, 'Peace, peace, thou restless imp!' if one but turn to ease a cramp. I would I hadna died a bishop, Tom."

"Never mind, Nick. Here you are, escaped."

"Ay. This is my holy-day. Three weeks, and thou, and the snow all together! isna it jolly?"

"Nick," I said, "who was I?"

"Lord, what small memories men have," said he wistfully. "I did think thee jesting a while back. Dost truly not remember?"

"No facts, Nick. Only that we loved each other."

"That be fact enough, I guess. I'll mind thee of the rest. Oh, we've days before us! Thou wert my younger when I died, and now, ha, ha! Tom's got hair on's face. Thou dost look odd i' thy beard, Tom! Is't a fearful bore to clip an trim? I warrant it be sport —I would I had lived beard-long. Wilt let me see thee at Master Barber's Tom?"

"But Master Barber will see you too."

"Nay, only thou. Others be so blind, they canna see me; and numb, they canna touch me; and deaf, not to hear me."

"And why am I not blind and numb and deaf to thee, Nick?"

My hand was lifted to a warm mouth.

"We loved each other," answered Nicholas Cope.

III.

"Where are we for, old fellow?" I asked.

"We be for seeking my owche," said Nick soberly. "I lost it, dostna remember? *Thou* shouldstna ha' forgotten that, Tom. Thou'lt help me, wilt thou? I must find my owche—I *must*." He gave a little sigh.

"Why, Nick?"

"They say I shallna sleep in peace till it be found again. The sin's a shadow on my immortal soul, they say. And so year by year I must walk, and go a-looking for my owche." He sighed again, then kicked up his heels and grinned out of the corner of mouth and eye. "Silly asses! who wants to sleep in peace? Us was ever cutting capers o' nights when old Withun wasna spying. Tom!" he wheedled my hand. "Thou'll bide past Yule and go treasure-hunting, ha? Great nights we'll have, and none to say us nay. Thou'lt bide, Tom?"

"To the death, Nick!"

"Ay," he said, softly, "bide till then."

"I'll find a hotel near the Cathedral, if there is one."

"Oh no, Tom, not an hostel. Bide with Marget."

"Marget?"

"Ay, Marget of the bakery, her that was Marget Catton, and then was Marget Fenn. (But that was after *my* time.) Oh, thou hastna forgotten Marget the Smithy's daughter?—Tom, thou *art* a rotter! And thou and she so jolly thick—she liked thee best of the bunch of us, and we all so keen on her as we were. Come, Tom, think, Tom! I punched the heads of half the choir for thy sake because they were mad about thee and her, and—thou wastna *very* spry at punching heads thyself, Tom."

"Thank you, Nick. And weren't you keen on Marget, too?"

"Oh, well . . . pretty keen. But I loved thee best, and so did she."

"And after all the baggage went and married this Fenn chap, confound him."

"Thou mustna miscall young Matt, Tom. I couldna ha' got thee out o' the water without him, not for all the little Princeling's help, and Geoffrey Appsley had made himself scarce, the dirty funk."

"Well, if I owe young Matt my life I suppose I must forgive him Marget. How came I in the water, and what was the Princeling doing there?"

"Lord, what wasna he!" Nick chuckled. "A nice mess that was for

all of us, and if Geoffrey had but taken his licking like a man——! The Prince was no funk, nay, it wasna Ned's fault."

"You've still left me in mid water, Nick," I said patiently. "I'll go under without a helping hand."

"That's where Matt o' the Fenn comes in; and so we'll to Marget's, because 'tis closing time. Keep thy hair on; I'll mind thee of everything afore the bells ring in the Christ. Race thee to Marget's, Tom Thacker!"

He bounded away, shouting and tossing back his hood, a boy out of school, primed for games and mischief. And I—raced after him, and so we arrived in a breathless laughter at the little bakery where I had supped, and Nick pommelled on the door, and I clouted him over the ear and knocked decorously. Margaret Venn opened to us, and inquiry changed to welcome in her old eyes as they met mine. Of Nick dancing on the step, and snuffing up the scent of crust and cake in an ecstasy, she took no note.

"Mrs. Fenn—Venn" (I corrected myself), "I shall be staying in Welchester a few weeks. If you have a room to spare, would you care to take a lodger?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" The soft face brightened. "I have a room—it isn't a very big one—perhaps you wouldn't——? Will you come in and look at it?"

"No, Mrs. Venn, I will not. I'll be stepping up to the station for my traps."

"I am not very used——" she faltered.

I took her hand in mine by way of encouragment. "Don't worry, mother. I won't be a trouble to you."

"Oh, it isn't that, sir!"

We left her in a bewildered tremor of doubt and joy.

"Stations be great sport," observed Nick, trotting beside me in profound satisfaction. "An I'd my way over again I wouldna sing i' the choir, I'd be 'prentice to a driver of engines, ay, and I'd keep my throat shut lest they impressed me, as they did thee."

"Me? What did I find so impressive about 'em, whoever they were?"

"Now thou'rt talking gabble. *Impressed* thee, I said."

"And impressed me I heard. So comb out the tangles."

Nick groaned and rolled his eyes. "Thou canstna help being a dunderhead, old Tom. But for all that, thou hadst the sweetest voice in the choir, and if thou didna want to be impressed in my Lord Bishop's service thou shouldst ha' kept thy throat shut i' the lanes and left the birds to their singing. Well! what a mess o' tears and trouble thou wast when they brought thee into the Castle court afront of a rider on a big horse. 'Here be a nightingale to house wi' the thrushes,' a' said; and they fetched Hugh Withun along, and thou didst sob and sob and call on thy mother. Dostna remember how the boys then about mocked at thee, the little brutes, and old Withun slashed out at 'em and said in his sharp cross voice, 'Tune up,' a' said, 'tune up!' And thou didst only sob louder, crying, 'Mother, mother, mother!' 'That's no nightingale song,' a' said. And thou, ' 'Tis all the song thou'lt have o' me!' And thou and he did ever after hate most heartily, and yet I loved ye both."

"Did *you* mock at me that day, Nick?"

His eyes flashed. "Never I! Never! Dostna remember, Tom, I gave 'em bloody noses when they were cruel to thee, because thou wast so pitiful and never a strong one, and I was tough as Withun's shoe-sole. (*We* know how tough that was, eh?) And, Tom, I took thee into my bed that night when thou wast shaking so quietly i' the dark, lest the other lads heard thee." His underlip quivered a little. "I

thought perhaps thou'ldst ha' remembered *that*, Tom . . . I told thee to take comfort. 'Tisna bad here,' I told thee, 'and I'll be thy friend,' I said. And thou didst ask my name, and tell me thine, and so fell asleep."

I slipped an arm about his shoulder.

"Don't grieve at my poor memory, Nick. The big thing has remained alive between us these four hundred years and more."

"And oh, I've been a-weary for thy coming," whispered he.

Eleanor Farjeon.

Blackwood's Magazine. (*To be concluded.*)

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

The great Oxford Dictionary pursues its course through the letters of the alphabet with the majestic and regular march of the sun through the signs of the Zodiac. Punctually four times a year a new number of this great serial makes its appearance, and the interest, as we say in lesser matters, is magnificently maintained. But to praise this dictionary and the work of its editors is almost an impertinence. It is a splendid monument of English scholarship; the world cannot show its equal, and the debt that not only philology but literature and history owe to it, mounts so steadily upward that a whole generation of students will be required before that debt can be justly estimated.

We have now before us the harvests of the last two years. The chief editor, Sir James Murray, carries *T* through *Th*; Dr. Bradley has taken *S* to *Several*; and Dr. Craigie, after finishing the letter *R*, has advanced from *Si* to the cheerful word *Sniggle*. The derivations and histories of more than 30,000 words are given in these twelve numbers—almost twice as many as have been recorded in any previous English dictionary. But this is by no means all. In the study of the various meanings and uses of important words the Oxford Dictionary again renders its rivals obsolete; and the eighteen pages, for instance, which Dr. Bradley devotes to the great verb *to set*, with it hundreds of uses, and the twelve pages given by Sir James Murray to *take*, are masterpieces of analysis and classification which shed a new light on the idiomatic usages of our language. *Set* is derived from an Aryan root; *take* is from the Norse; and side by side with these we find specimens of all the varied elements which have helped to enrich our national form of speech—great terms from Greece and Rome; French and Dutch and Italian borrowings, words from Arabic, Persian, Chinese, and indeed from almost all the languages of the "universal world." Truly English has a marvellous digestion, and seems able to feed on almost any kind of nutriment. Popular slang and old pedantries, the dreams of philosophers and the cant of thieves, puns, perversions, forgotten fears and ancient superstitions have all contributed to its vocabulary; and some of our most staid and respectable words have wild and strange histories. And yet the formation of such a vivid, coherent, and world-conquering language cannot have been an altogether lawless process, nor has the

* "The Oxford English Dictionary." Edited by "Sir James A. H. Murray." Romanity—Ryze (two parts, 7s. 6d.). Si—Sniggle (three parts, 12s 6d.), by W. A. Craigie. Sauce-Alone—Several (four parts, 17s. 6d.), by Henry Bradley. T—Thyzle (three parts, 15s.), by Sir James A. H. Murray. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Frowde.)

"Growth and Structure of the English Language." By Otto Jespersen, Ph.D., Lit.D. Second Edition, Revised, (Leipzig: G. Teubner. 3s. 8d.)

brewing of this etymological witches' cauldron been carried on without a certain method. Are the forces which have created the past greatness of our speech still in healthy activity? Is it meeting the modern problems which face it in a satisfactory manner, and responding, with all its old vigor and vitality, to the demands which are now being made upon its resources? Now that the Oxford Dictionary has completed so large a part of its appointed task it is not perhaps premature to ask ourselves this question. These problems are undoubtedly grave; these demands both difficult and urgent, and we can hardly expect that the answer to our question will be in all respects a perfectly satisfactory one.

Among the modern developments which meet us in the pages of any dictionary, the first and most obvious is the vocabulary of modern science. This formidable language, which men of science have been forced to improvise in a few generations, has without doubt, owing to its exactness and its freedom from popular associations, been a necessity to science, and has brought many good gifts with it. But for these gifts to be more widely spread, for science to enter, as it must, more and more into daily life, to become, in Wordsworth's beautiful phrase, "a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man," some modification, some popularization, of this vocabulary is of urgent importance. It cannot but be a serious matter for any country, and especially for a democratic country, to have its best thought expressed in a language which is practically incomprehensible to the great majority of its inhabitants. And yet there are certainly no signs at present that any attempt is being made to satisfy this need; men of science are still ransacking the classical dictionaries in their search for terms, while at the same time they oppose the classical studies which would alone render possible any real comprehension of them. Learned vocabularies, it is true, have been upset more than once into our language in the past; but in the past, owing to the great reactive power of our speech, these difficult terms have been more or less absorbed by translation or by assimilation. But there can be but little doubt that this assimilative power has suffered a certain weakening in recent years. The growth of popular education, bringing with it a widespread if superficial knowledge of foreign tongues, and a natural if somewhat pretentious desire to display that knowledge, has diffused an ideal of correctness which wars against assimilation, and cannot but increase the tendency towards that duality in language, that divorce between the educated and the popular vernaculars, which has caused the ruin of more than one noble form of speech in the past.

But English seems now to be threatened by a second duality, a divorce, namely, between the language of literature and that of cultivated conversation. This divorce, too, cannot but be harmful; for the literary language, although always somewhat different from that of conversation, has yet always grown out of it, and must draw thence its breath of life. But owing to the growth of the Press, the immense and modern increase of books and newspapers, our knowledge of English comes to us more and more through the eye, and less and less through the ear; the printed word is becoming more and more the reality, and the sound but a faint echo or copy of it. This reversal of the natural process of language shows itself in the increase of words which have no settled pronunciation; in the tendency to disfigure that of others in accordance with their unphonetic and

often absurd spelling; and above all in the modern increase, the almost pathological development of what is called "newspaper English"—of stilted words and phrases which no sane person would ever use in conversation. While we speak of a "big crowd" or a "great fire" we read of a "vast concourse," a "disastrous conflagration": and indeed our inferior writers and journalists exercise an amazing but unhappy ingenuity in elaborating pretentious and insipid phrases in which to muffle up and hide every fact and living occurrence.

If, then, owing to modern conditions the three main forms or varieties of English—the speech of the people, the speech of the educated classes, and the idiom of literature (which may be regarded as the root, the branch, and the flower of the great tree of language)—are no longer living and growing, as they should, in healthy interdependence, it may well seem that our language is threatened by serious dangers. And yet, as we know, it has been threatened by worse dangers in its past history, and has overcome them triumphantly; and we have good grounds for believing that it possesses recuperative powers which are beyond our measurement. However, in cases of difficult diagnosis it is often advisable to call in an outside consultant. Fortunately such a foreign consultant is available in the eminent Danish philologist, Dr. Otto Jespersen, who has devoted much attention to the study of English, and has made not unimportant contributions to our knowledge of its history. His "Progress in Language with Special Reference to English" is well known to scholars, and we are glad to welcome the new and revised edition of his admirable handbook the "Growth and Structure of the English Language." Dr. Jespersen is an ardent admirer of our language, which he himself writes with considerable ease and vigor; but his praises are qualified by strictures on certain of its modern tendencies. He is of the opinion that the large classical element in English has produced in us an unnatural preference for strange and exotic words, and that by its very structure it offers a better soil than any other for that pernicious growth of stilted language which has been mentioned, and which he illustrates by the story—

When Canning wrote the inscription graven on Pitt's monument in the London Guildhall, an Alderman felt much disgust at the grand phrase "he died poor," and wished to substitute "he expired in indigent circumstances."

With this tendency he notices, as its natural consequence, a certain wilful and regrettable neglect of our own native resources. He points his criticism by giving the curious and not very creditable history of the word *handbook;* how it was formed in Anglo-Saxon times, but afterwards replaced by the Latin *manual*, and how *enchiridion* was also introduced from Greek; and how, when *handbook* made its modest reappearance not very long ago, it was received with scorn and abuse, and treated as a tasteless innovation, and Archbishop Trench wrote of it, "we might have been satisfied with manual, and not put together that very ugly and very unnecessary word."

Of late years [Dr. Jespersen adds], the word seems to have found more favor, but I cannot help thinking that state of language a very unnatural one when such a very simple, intelligible, and expressive word has to fight its way instead of being at once admitted to the very best society.

If, then, our speech, in the opinion of one of its sincerest admirers, is in a somewhat unnatural state; and if, as Dr. Jespersen not obscurely hints, a good case can be made out against our

educated classes "for wilfully making the language more complicated than necessary, and thereby hindering the spread of education among all classes of the population," the matter is plainly one which deserves the consideration of us all. Are we doing anything to hinder this complication, this splitting up of the language, or are we even wilfully encouraging it? We most of us believe ourselves to be concerned about the "purity" of English, and its preservation from "corruptions"; but the history of our efforts, the attacks, for instance, on the words "talented" and "reliable"—words which are now vindicated by the Oxford Dictionary—is not very creditable. But if our purists have been almost always in the wrong, there is a certain excuse for them; for "purity" in language is extremely difficult to define, and scientific philologists give little or no assistance in the matter. And yet for the educated classes, to whom the care of the standard language is entrusted, and who, in the vast social pressure they exert, and in the great machine of national education they now control, possess vast powers for good or evil, some ideal for guidance, some clear conception of what should be their aim, is clearly of great importance. Their purism to be effective must be something more than a matter of nerves and prejudice; nor will they fulfil their duty to the language by isolated attacks, however violent, on words they happen to dislike.

The problems by which we are faced are not confined to English; they are more or less part of the general European situation; and it may be worth our while to examine the attempts which are being made to meet these problems by our foreign neighbors, with whom a conscious and deliberate care of language is much more discussed and encouraged than it is with us. The Germans are just now busy, as we know, in a lively campaign against borrowed words, and are attempting to replace them by terms of native formation, which they form for this express purpose. But this German ideal of "purity," the wholesale expulsion of borrowed terms, is at best a questionable one, and in any case it can have but little application to our tongue; we have drunk too deep and too long of southern vintages to restrict ourselves now to northern brewings. And yet, when two words are struggling for survival, we might perhaps do well to follow the German example, and give a more friendly welcome to the native formation. For these at present are unfairly handicapped; the feeling of awkwardness and disgust which, as we have seen, was aroused in Archbishop Trench by the harmless *handbook* still persists among us, athough we seem able to swallow long Greek or Latin formations without the slightest reluctance. *Aviator* or *aeronaut* or *aeroplane* are at once accepted, while *airman* or *airplane* struggle against unreasoned prejudice. Our good native compounds affect us—to use a homely simile—like good new boots: they are not comfortable until they have been a little worn; and, unwilling to put up with this temporary malease, we have recourse to the cheap and immediate comfort of foreign shoddy.

More pertinent to our case is the French ideal of purity, as it has been recently expounded by that eminent critic, M. Remy de Gourmont, in his "Esthétique de la Langue Française." "Purity," according to M. de Gourmont, consists in assimilation, and the French words are pure which have undergone those modifications and changes by which the French language has been created out of Latin, and given it its French character and sound. Impure words, on the other

hand, are those which have been imported by scientists and scholars unchanged from the classical languages, or have come in from modern tongues unassimilated in sound and shape. As English is partly Teutonic and partly French in origin and character, it is in a combination of the German and French ideals of purity that we shall find the soundest basis for our conservatism. From the Germans we may learn to encourage native terms, and from the French to assimilate our borrowings and make them conform to native ways. Such an ideal we might define as "homogeneity," or, if that term be too cumbrous, we might borrow "Anglicity" from the editor of the Oxford Dictionary, or press the word "integrity" into our service. By the Anglicity, the integrity, of the English language we would mean, then, the harmony of our new terms with the real core or central part of the language. Those which are out of harmony with this we would regard as "impure," and endeavor to modify them or cast them out. But remembering that this core itself is an amalgam, or rather a chemical compound of northern and southern elements, we will be careful to neglect neither source. Such an ideal does not oppose progress; it is democratic, and at the same time truly conservative, for it is nothing more than a conscious expression of the laws which have hitherto moulded our speech, and kept it true to itself through all the vicissitudes of its strange and perilous history.

But language is a mighty force, a turbulent stream flowing from sources beyond our control, towards an ocean of whose further shores we have no knowledge. We cannot "shut up the sea with doors, or draw out Leviathan with a hook," and it would seem as if the individual must struggle in vain against the great collective will of the community. And yet that collective will is not altogether a blind force; it follows an idea from afar, and is ultimately governed by a confused sense or "speech-feeling" of what the language ought to be. More and more the character of this ideal, the soundness of this speech-feeling, depends upon the taste of the educated classes. If their taste be corrupted the language will suffer; while if they encourage the right fashions the set of the language will be guided in the right direction. When that is done, detailed and individual efforts will hardly be necessary, and until it is done they will be for the most part unavailing. Moreover, we use language primarily to make ourselves understood, and the price we pay for eccentricity of usage is more than most of us can afford. But something the individual can do towards forming a healthy state of public opinion; and in cases of undecided usage he can give his vote (which may be a casting vote) for the purer and more English form. He can help to wear off the awkward newness of new and native compounds; and when foreign words appear in two forms (*foci* and *focuses*, for example,) or have two pronunciations, as *envelope*, *environs*, *recitative*, he will have a sound and definite principle to direct his choice. And if he be a fanatic in the cause of purity, he can easily attain to martyrdom by attempting to naturalize the large and increasing number of our unassimilated terms. He will be committing a solecism, but committing it in a good cause; and our usage, which has already discarded so many foreign pronunciations and so many pedantic plurals—*asyla*, *ideæ*, *chori*, *musæa*, *sphinges*—may come round to him in the end. And, moreover, our purist, recognizing in popular speech the soil from which our standard language has had its origin, and to which it must return to renew its life, will look with

no unkindly eye on the vivid terms which come to us fresh from the fields, the workshop, and the sea. And as he will try to keep the speech he uses in close touch with the popular vernacular, so he will use his best endeavors to prevent the growing divorce between the standard speech and the language of literature. "Vulgarism" in his vocabulary will mean, above all, the inane vocabulary of "newspaper English," and all false elegance, all unreal and stilted language, will be abhorrent to him.

The Times.

RUSSIA WITHOUT TEARS.

A book which used to make an oasis in the life of schoolboys learning French bears the whimsical title of "Voyage Round my Room." It was really astonishing to the unsophisticated mind of youth how much that was exotic and remote the compulsorily domesticated M. de Maistre contrived to discover in his chamber. There were windows in every panel, and doors in all the walls, and the voyage carried the sedentary traveller over the hills and far away while he sat in his arm-chair. It is the inverse process which the traveller often performs who writes of distant countries. The further he is abroad, the more he is at home, and his pages, full of disquisitions on Turks or Chinese, are only revelations of the British mind. Something of this domestic travelling there is even in the classical book on "Russia," by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace (Cassell), of which a new edition, with additional chapters, has just been published. It is a book which everyone who pretends to care about Russia, not merely knows, but knows well. The anecdotes, the little sketches of life in remote rural places in the vanished old-world Russia of twenty years ago, the sparse, dry Caledonian jokes, and, above all, the thrilling pages in which this most correct of authors, the *habitué* of Embassies, the friend and tutor of princes, recounts how a Nihilist took to frequenting his rooms and nothing untoward or improper happened—they have amused and instructed one generation, and they will amuse and instruct another. There is no book so good by any Englishman on Russia, and none at all that ranks above it, unless it be the brilliant but much slighter volume of lectures to an American audience which came from Professor Miliukoff's pen before the revolutionary period was well completed. But, with all its capacity, its sagacity, and, one must add, its honesty and fairness, it also is a voyage round a room. We are not quite sure where and what that room may be. The inventory includes a really ambassadorial arm-chair, an almost editorial desk, and the footstool which is part of the indispensable furniture of a prince's ante-room. But the chamber itself has Aberdonian features, and from the windows we catch a vista of granite streets and Marischal College. When it is of the wild emotional course of the Russian revolution that the author writes, its extravagant heroism, its youthful cruelty, its cloudy hopes and moody pessimism, we are studying the psychology not so much of the Russian as of the Scot. The opulent human pageant unrolls itself before us. The colors dimly limned with faint verbal pigments are true to scheme, and through their Scotch mist resemble Nature. But we are more aware of the dry, pragmatic commentary, which

far more vividly depicts for us how this sober, worldly, yet conscientiously understanding Scot was affected by the Slavonic phantasmagoria.

We are not at all sure that the internal history of Russia will ever make a great and splendid page of history. There is no race of the European family so emotionally gifted; it will pour forth its masterpieces in literature and music, however mediocre may be its achievements in the world of action. But the moral of the revolution which failed, was simply, one fears, that the Russian character is essentially introspective and emotional; it lacks the hardness and simplicity which makes a successful or even a competent revolution. The Young Turks or the Portuguese are intellectually and morally pigmies beside these men, who gave their ardent. gifted, generous personalities to be consumed in that slow fire which smoulders to-day among the ashes of a dead hope. But, because Young Turks and Portuguese aimed at a transformation so immeasurably smaller than that to which the Russian Revolution aspired, it was they who succeeded in their restricted aim, while the Russians failed. The literary form which should depict this struggle is not the formal history. Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's adroit admixture of the history and the sketch is much nearer success. But the real form for this tale is certainly the novel. One period stands immortalized in Turgenieff's "Virgin Soil." The sequel awaits the native genius who will interpret it with the same delicate sympathy, illuminated by irony. Anton Tchekoff is probably its best and most despairing modern analyst.

The philosophy of "Russia" is ultra-simple, and, fortunately, it needs no development at length. It is the philosophy which any canny Scot might evolve in his Aberdonian chamber, without once changing his slippers for his boots. We took several centuries to make our revolution, therefore, the Russians are going much too fast. The men of the first Duma ought to have aimed at a period of, say ten years, instead of attempting to complete their conquest of power in a single session. It is a natural reflection. But, unluckily for this philosophy of history. ours was not the only successful revolution. They did these things, if not better, at least faster, in France. It would be, to our minds, a sounder criticism, at least. of the Russian Liberals, not so much that they attempted to go too fast, as that they unduly deployed their front. Their central aim, when the first Duma met, was, and ought to have been, to enlarge its functions and consolidate its power. It had only a limited hold over the purse, and a very imperfect authority in legislation. while over the executive its control, if it had any, was only that of free and public criticism. The Liberals aimed boldly at achieving full, responsible Parliamentary Government. It was a large end to secure at once, but one may doubt whether any lesser object, worth the striving for, could have been reached more easily. The bureaucracy had to be mastered, and the combat was necessarily mortal. The Liberals failed for two reasons. In the first place (and the author of "Russia" is careful not to mention it) the weapon of finance had been struck from the hands of the Duma by the action of the French and British bankers who filled the war-chest of the Autocracy with a hundred million loan in the interests of the Triple Entente and the Balance of Power, just one month before the Duma met. Had they but stipulated for its assent to the loan. the whole constitutional battle would have been won. In the second place, Sir Donald

Mackenzie Wallace is probably right in censuring the tactics of the Liberals, who insisted on raising the whole agrarian issue before the Constitution had been won. They aimed at rousing the peasants, and they wished to buy the support of the Extreme Left. But, in so doing, they set the whole possessing class in Russia against themselves, and the possessing class happened to include the officers of the army. The Whigs of the English Revolution and the Young Turks knew better than to complicate their political issues with a class struggle.

It is much harder to follow Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace in his comfortable optimism about the subsequent development of Russian liberty. His chronicle has rather serious gaps. We remember a cheerful manual of the nursery, entitled "Reading without Tears." This is "Russia without Tears." A single sentence will serve him to describe the long agony of a period of repression, with its prison tortures and its field courts-martial. A line of print dismisses the campaign that drenched the Baltic Provinces with blood. Not even a footnote explains the ingenious filter by which Russian opinion since the *coup d'état* is strained and attenuated through a system of gerrymandered class representation before a Duma can be elected. Incidentally, we may remark, in assuming the guilt of the Socialist members of the Second Duma, who are still expiating a crime of opinion in typhus-haunted prisons, he ignores the statement afterwards made by the Liberal Deputy, Teslenko, who reported for the Commission of the Duma which refused to assent to their arrest. The only conspiracy which the facts proved was a conspiracy not of the Socialists but of the secret police. But these are side issues. There was chosen at last a Duma, which, in contrast to its predecessors, was really, as the author naïvely tells us, quite "well-dressed," and included large numbers of landowners, and even a few manufacturers. It lasted its full term, and it has now been succeeded by a fourth Duma which is, we should surmise, even better dressed. M. Kokovtseff has made all the usual promises of legislation which will at last realize some of the promises of elementary civil liberty made in the Tsar's manifesto of October, 1905. Seven years have passed, and a Russian Premier is still vaguely promising for the uncertain future a Bill to end the system by which citizens may be deported and imprisoned by administrative process. That promise is an admission that there has been no progress. If the Bill does really end this system, and if it ever becomes an Act, it will be the first real step towards elementary civil liberty which Russia has seen in this long period. For the rest, the record has been a blood-stained chronicle of continuous reaction. The liberty of Finland is gone, the legal plight of the Jews is actually worse, the press awaits a more stringent muzzle. Even for speeches in the Duma, deputies will henceforth be liable to prosecution, and the prisons, already crowded with the ardent youth of the intellectual class, must now expect its leaders. Seven years ago Russia was a staggering chaos. The failure of her own progressives and the diplomacy of the Western Powers have combined to restore her to her old status. She is to-day a solid tyranny and a Great Power.

The Nation.

THE PARSON IN FICTION.

Five years ago the present Bishop of Carlisle, in addressing his Diocesan Conference, delivered himself of the following remarkable utterance; "up to the time of the Tractarian Movement, whatever may have been the faults and weaknesses of the English Church—and they were many—it was in living touch with the nation." The statement was not allowed to pass unchallenged at the time, but a great deal of needless controversy might have been spared if a perfectly simple test had been applied. In what respect (if any) does the Anglican parson of to-day differ from his predecessor of a hundred years ago?

For it is in fiction, after all, that we get the clearest and most trustworthy reflection of the life of a nation at any particular period. It is to the novelist, rather than to the historian, that we go for the real facts. The historian, who is generally engaged in proving some thesis, frequently succeeds in distorting the truth. The province of the novelist is a humbler one. He is encumbered by no theories. His aim is simply to depict the life that he sees around him. Thus, the artificial and complex life of the eighteenth century is more faithfully mirrored in the novels of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett and Fanny Burney than in all the "dry-as-dust" chronicles which that century produced, and which posterity has very properly consigned to the waste-paper basket of an eternal oblivion.

Now, it so happens that we have a very valuable sidelight on clerical life in England at the period immediately preceding the Tractarian Movement in the novels of Jane Austen. It is the distinguishing quality of Miss Austen's genius that she brought the art of a minute and refined observation to a pitch that it had never before attained in the history of English literature. Herself the daughter of a country clergyman, she had unusual opportunities of studying at first hand the clerical character. In each of her novels—with the single exception of "Persuasion"—there is a clergyman who plays no small part in the course and development of the story. How are these clergymen depicted? The most famous of them all is, of course, Mr. Collins, in "Pride and Prejudice," and here we may suspect a touch of caricature, though doubtless Jane Austen knew the type. But the best of them—such a man, for instance, as Edmund Bertram, in "Mansfield Park"—are merely genial men of the world with a strong sense of duty and a due regard for the social proprieties. Of that zeal for souls which is no uncommon phenomenon to-day even in a country rectory we have not the faintest glimpse. The same criticisms may be levelled against the parsons in Thomas Love Peacock's novels, though it has in common fairness to be remembered that Peacock wrote admittedly as a satirist, with an undisguised contempt for the whole clerical profession.

Sixteen years after Jane Austen's death—it was on July 14, 1833, to be exact—Mr. Keble preached his famous Assize Sermon on National Apostasy at St. Mary's Oxford. "I have ever considered and kept the day," wrote Newman, in his "Apologia," "as the start of the religious movement of 1833." Academic in its origin, the Oxford movement was destined to have great and far-reaching effects upon the national life and character. To many the stability of the old order appeared to be shaken. Others saw in the Tractarians the heralds of a new and fairer dawn.

The change of view necessarily had

its influence upon our fiction. In 1858, George Eliot published her "Scenes of Clerical Life"—a book which many, and the present writer among them, regard as her most notable achievement. There are no echoes of the Oxford storm in the placid pages of these country stories. The Rev. Amos Barton was as little of a Tractarian as a Thug. But it is significant that the cold animosity with which the parson was regarded by the novelists of an older generation is seen to be giving place to a kindly and sympathetic understanding. That this was due in no small degree to the labors of the Tractarians there can be little doubt. Despite the Bishop of Carlisle, the English Church was slowly recovering its touch with the nation.

In the meanwhile, there had arisen a novelist who, to a greater degree than any of his contemporaries, portrayed with an almost photographic accuracy the life of his times. The future historian of mid-Victorian manners and opinions will not go for his material to Dickens, to Thackeray, or to George Eliot. He will go to Anthony Trollope. Trollope's strength lay in his limitations. Less magnificently endowed with genius than the other writers I have named, his studies of contemporary middle-class life have a literal accuracy which invests them with a unique importance. He was the perfect chronicler in fiction.

Clerical life had a peculiar fascination for Trollope, and in the six volumes comprising the Barsetshire Novels he has given us the finest clerical studies in the language. Here we find a very decided change indeed from the smug, complacent and self-satisfied parsons of Miss Austen. The leaven of Tractarianism has been at work in the Church. It is true that we are presented with one odious and hypocritical type of cleric in the person of Mr. Slope, and it is equally true that Trollope is at great pains to explain that Slope was an Evangelical. Dr. Proudie, too, is far from being an admirable character. Amiable enough, but dull, lethargic and worldly, he is a survival of the age which had just passed away, never to return. For the other clergy, Arch-deacon Grantly (a perfect study of the old-fashioned High Churchman), Mr. Crawley and Mr. Arabin, one can have little but praise. But supreme among them all is the beautiful figure of Mr. Harding, the aged precentor, a character almost as winsome in its simple and unaffected goodness as Victor Hugo's Bishop in *Les Miserables;* and Septimus Harding, with his love of music and of stately services, his devotion to the solemn offices of the Church, his native unselfishness, his genuine piety, is a direct outcome of the Tractarian Movement.

I have left myself no space for a consideration of Thackeray or Dickens, nor do these writers properly come within the scope of such an article as this. Thackeray was a novelist of the clubs, and his interest in ecclesiastical matters was of the slightest. He accepted the conventional religion of his age, he disliked both Jews and Catholics, and there he was content to leave the whole matter. Dickens, on the other hand, had a healthy hatred of humbug, and it is worth remembering that the religious hypocrites on whom he empties the full vials of his wrath—Stiggins, Chadband, and Pecksniff—were all Nonconformists, while the only Anglican clergyman with whom he deals at any considerable length—Canon Crisparkle in "Edwin Drood"—is dealt with sympathetically.

I do not think that the historian of the nineteenth century, who has before him the facts of the case and their reflection in the fiction of the period, will endorse the curious verdict of the Bishop of Carlisle.

T. Michael Pope.

THE DOCTOR FAITH-HEALER.

Most of our purely intellectual and spiritual history might be written in two great chapters on Faith and Fear.[1] The impulse to religion, philosophy and medicine has been faith or fear or both; and they are man's chief psychological products. Religion and medicine are as closely connected historically as the presupposed union of soul and body in the nature of man would lead us to expect. When philosophers started on an independent career to be neither priests nor medicine-men they applied themselves, amongst other things, to the examination of religion and medicine and to the criticism of the faith or hopes and fears upon which each was founded. We are now in one of the philosophical ages, or perhaps it is truer to say we are emerging from one. The hopes and fears of religion were attacked or at least minimized, until a recent turn of thought, by speculation which came rather of physical science theories than of pure philosophy. The hopes and fears in which medical practitioners also have largely trusted for their treatment in all ages have been put into the background by this same semi-philosophic semi-scientific criticism which would put the body of man under the same physical laws as any other mechanism. There are many signs that this scientific extremism is passing away, and that it will again become as necessary as in earlier periods for medical practitioners to use psychological methods, though with more science, and to recognize that in many diseases the first point for consideration is the state of the mind or soul of the patient.

The Church long since laid aside the professional treatment of bodily disorders. Indirectly, by its use of prayer and religious exercises, it influenced very considerably the bodily health of those whose souls were its principal care. The hopes and terrors of the unseen world, the terrors often in disproportion, had mixed effects. The doctors, rather ostentatiously, left all these means to the Church, and materialistic treatment became orthodox. We are now, after experience of this separation, beginning to return to the ideal of the ancient world that the complete healer would be the priest-doctor or the doctor-priest. Medical registration laws may prevent the priest from practising medicine, but the doctor, as the book shows, is tending, without actually applying theological dogmas, to bring the influences of religious belief to act on bodily functions. The abuses possible in calling in aid these religious beliefs in the treatment of bodily complaints are evident. The founding of so-called Churches—such as those of Christian Science and Dowieism—for the main purpose of curing diseases that are serious or complaints that are trivial in fact exalt the very body whose laws they treat as figments to a non-religious and selfish pre-eminence. Christian Science is non-Christian and the science of it an absurdity. All bodily diseases are to be amenable to its treatment by denying the existence of disease itself. The absurdity is a shade greater than the theory of Dowieism that everything wrong with the body has its source in sin, an obvious travesty of Christian ascription. It is very considerably extending the notion of sin to bring within its purview an arm broken at football. Yet the doctors are impressed with the success obtained by such systems in the cure or mitigation of certain classes of

[1] "The Physiology of Faith and Fear; or, The Mind in Health and Disease." By William S. Sadler, M.D., Professor of Physiological Therapeutics at the Post-Graduate Medical School of Chicago. London: Stanley Paul 1912. 6s. net.

disease. Underneath all the bad science and theology there lies the general truth that belief giving rise to faith and fear, whether well or ill founded, exercises powerful influence for good or ill on the operations of the body. Join modern psychology, which has become more definite by physical experiment, with modern physiology, and you may have a system of physiologico-psychological therapy which will give you better and safer results than these faith-cures.

The first principle, not of startling novelty, is that there are no states of mind which do not affect the body and no bodily diseases that do not react on the mind; and the treatment is that all the physical resources within the compass of medicine, or which philosophy, religion, literature, the arts or the imagination, passions, beliefs and emotions of the patient himself can supply to the mind, must be applied, varying according to the diagnosis of every particular case as the genius of the physician may guide him. The bottle of medicine may be in fact something which acts on a wrong condition of body, or, superfluous as such, may be a means of affecting the imagination of a patient and of stimulating him to a beneficial act of faith. He may through ignorance of facts in a thousand ways, or a wrong turn that circumstances have given to his emotions, be suggesting to himself fears that affect his health; and the wise therapist will throw physic to the dogs on his own account and undertake that ministering to the mind diseased which Macbeth's physician declined as hopeless, and induce the patient to minster to himself. And this example suggests limitations. Nothing in this book is more striking and impressive than the author's experience of the value of prayer in a wide range of states of ill-health, nervous derangements, debility and hopelessness, which undermine happiness and energy and make life an oppressive burden. He quotes also from Professor James' "Varieties of Religious Experience" the sentence, "As regards prayer for the sick, if any medical fact can be considered to stand firm, it is that in certain environments prayer may contribute to recovery and should be encouraged as a therapeutic measure." One thinks of Eugene Aram's "I cannot pray" or Macbeth's "Why could I not say Amen when they did say 'God bless us'?" or of Wordsworth's "Which they can hear who meddle not with crime"; said of that concord of Nature which most potently leads us to feel the presence of God and the sense of dependence which demands prayer. These are the extreme cases where neither the skillfullest suggestion of the physician nor the auto-suggestion of the patient may avail. We are in a region apparently purely spiritual in which the body suffers directly from the soul's ailment; but more than this the soul is paralyzed in its own function, not merely obstructed or limited by the body, the ordinary problem of the physician. Yet one of the most remarkable cases in the book, where faith in prayer in the dogmatic or theological sense was believed lost, shows that if the patient may be persuaded into a practice of prayer for himself or others, for spiritual help and not for selfish objects, including in these even health, its psychic value as a therapeutic even in such circumstances does not fail.

The subject is delicate and the prescription of prayer for ailments savors of offence; it suggests little books of forms for patients, labelled, One every morning and evening. But one cannot write of this psycho-therapy and pass over what is represented as the most powerful means by which suggestion can be made to the mind. While the claim is made for it as a healing agency and though it is possible to re-

gard it merely as an auto-suggestion of the patient's own mind, the other view of it as action on a still higher spiritual plane may be held as the author holds it. If we accept the facts, with whatever allowances, simply as facts vouched for by those who have observed them and used the method, we find a strange difference of view after twenty-five years of more science from that which in the name of science denied the efficacy of prayer in the treatment of disease and proposed to test it by results in hospitals.

The Saturday Review.

THE PARTY.

"What," I said, "is this rumor about a party?"

"Rumor?" said Francesca. "I have heard no rumors. And, if it comes to that, what is a rumor?"

"A rumor," I said, "is evidently something which you know you have not heard. It therefore follows that if you heard it you would recognize it, and, that being so, you must know what it is, for otherwise——"

"For otherwise," she said, "I should know what I don't know, and I should not be expected to wait here half the morning in order to answer idle questions."

"Since the word 'rumor' gives you pain," I said, "I will withdraw it, expressing at the same time my most sincere regret at having said anything which might——" (Loud cheers, in which the conclusion of the hon. member's sentence was lost). "But what," I added, "is all this about a party?"

"A party?" she said. "Who has said anything about a party? What *can* you mean?"

"Francesca," I said with determination, "I will be plain with you——"

"No, no," she interrupted, "not that. But, after all, why should I complain? Good looks are nothing."

"Good looks," I said, "are better than a ribald tongue."

"But some people," she said, "have got both, and that must be splendid for them."

"Evasions," I said, "will not help you. What is all this about a party on Saturday next?"

"Oh, *that*," said Francesca. "If that's what you mean, why couldn't you say it before?"

"Apparently," I said, "that *is* what I mean; and I have been saying it over and over again since I began."

"You should guard," she said, "against repetition. It is wearisome and unnecessary."

"What is the nature," I said, "of next Saturday's party?"

"Its nature is that it isn't really a party at all. If I said it was I have deceived you. It is a children's dance."

"But a children's dance," I urged, "is a party. It has all the qualities that distinguish a party. It causes inconvenience. It gives no enjoyment."

"You couldn't persuade the children of that. Tell them it's not to come off, and see what they say."

"Poor dears," I said, "they are ignorant. It would be useless to appeal to them. But, if they enjoy it, why are they so solemn and silent? Tell me that."

"Oh! that's only at first," said Francesca. "If you come into this room after they've been at it half-an-hour you'll find them enjoying it all right."

"Into *this* room?" I said. "Francesca, you are forgetting yourself. This is *my* room."

"Of course it is; and it's the largest room in the house, and much the best

for dancing; and you're going to lend it to us for that day, like a generous true-hearted British father."

"And," I said, "all the furniture will be taken out and all my papers will be disturbed and lost, and the carpet will be removed, and the books will be put into the shelves in their wrong places. Is this what you propose?"

"Something like that," she said, "will probably happen. You wouldn't have them dance in all this litter."

"I wouldn't have them dance at all," I said. "Francesca, I forbid the moving of my writing-table."

"The writing-table," she said, "will be the first to go. But you talk as if you'd heard of all this for the first time."

"And that," I said, "is the solemn truth. No man in England is less easily surprised than—me or I; which is it, Francesca?"

"And," she said, "you don't even know your grammar. To think that an ungrammatical man should dream of stopping a children's dance."

"I will circumvent the grammar," I said. "I am the least easily surprised man in England, but to-day, I own, you have startled me. Not one word of this dance have I ever heard whispered or——"

"No," she said, "you haven't. Every day for the past three weeks I've shouted it at you."

"Your gentle nature would never permit you to shout," I said. "But I do remember that some time ago you said quite casually that it would be a nice thing for the children to have a dance."

"There you are," said Francesca; "didn't I say so?"

Punch.

"And I replied that this modern craze——"

"I know perfectly well what you replied. It did you no credit and you mustn't say it again."

"And from that moment," I went on, "you have, I suppose, been stealthily planning this dance. And Muriel and Nina and Alice were in the conspiracy, of course. But what of Frederick, my little five-year-old barbarian? How did you secure his silence? Surely he cannot approve of dancing?"

"The barbarian mind," she said, "is susceptible to the promise of ices. He believes that on Saturday a world entirely composed of ices is to be at his disposal. You had better resign yourself to the dance."

"Francesca," I said, "something dreadful ought to happen to you."

"Something dreadful," she said, "has happened."

"I know," I said. "The man who plays the piano has got the influenza."

"Worse than that."

"The greengrocer has sprained his ankle and cannot come in to pour out lemonade."

"Worse even than that," she said. "Your Aunt Matilda, who likes children in their proper place, has announced herself for a three days' visit from Friday next."

"Which serves you," I said, "absolutely right."

"And, of course," said Francesca, "you will have to devote yourself to her on Saturday. After all, she has a kind nature in spite of her sharp tongue, poor old dear."

R. C. L.

SALUTARY OBSCURITY IN RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

The Christian Year is rich in sensations. Its great festivals touch chords in hearts that are otherwise dumb to the music of religion; sentiment or association keeps the strings tense through all the loosenings of time. And there are other days, some not marked in the calendar to any special honor, that have their "sursum corda" for scores of individual Christions. A hymn, a collect, a passage in the Bible, an anthem—any of them may contain for some particular soul the whole heart of religion.

For ourselves, we have no doubt at all as to which is the great moment, or rather the great season. It is the period of Advent, with its splendid liturgy and its stirring evangelical hymns; above all it is the prelude to Advent—that Sunday that takes its title from its wonderful collect, "Stir-up" Sunday. On that day we would not miss our morning church for half a kingdom, for on that day we know that we as Anglicans shall get—if we were Anglicans on no other Sunday, we should be so on "Stir-up" Sunday—the eleventh and twelfth chapters of "Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher," and, if we are lucky, that is to say in more years than not, a chapter of St. James. We are particular in our choice of a church for this service, that is whenever circumstances allow us a choice, and we speculate on the selection of the reader. To those who are like-minded with ourselves we would suggest that the safest church is that whose rector is a good reader; an artist of diction will never forego his privilege before such an opportunity. We may remark incidentally that at a great many churches, especially country churches, a most regrettable indifference is shown in this great matter of reading the lessons, which, we venture to believe, is often vastly more important than the sermon—"this bad business of the sermon," as Browning says, though in a rather special context. On the Sunday in question we always pray for a sermon that is either superlatively good or has nothing to do with the first lesson.

We are fully aware that all these refinements of precaution, suggestive rather of the Epicure than of the Christian, may, if carried to excess, lead through religiosity from religion to irreligion. All we are pleading for, however, is to be allowed to cherish certain preferences of taste, not to develop a new eclectic creed. Even among the severest Presbyterians of Scotland personal taste is admitted, and orthodoxy is tempered by sermon-tasting on the most gastronomical lines. Into religion, especially the Christian religion, enters largely the spirit of childhood—the spirit of favoritism in literature, the love of the oft-repeated favorite story or part of a story. Religion is a precious metal that needs its alloy, it is

> Halb Kinderspiele
> Halb Gott im Herzen.

We have said that our high expectations for "Stir-up" Sunday are chastened by a dread of what the sermon may bring. We may add that last year our apprehensions were disappointed in the most dazzling fashion; the preacher was the same as the reader, and he preached on the text of his first lesson. It is a charge against the Church of England that the "scholar and gentleman" plays too large a part in her ministrations, but for the reading of and the preaching

on the two last chapters of "Ecclesiastes" this ideal is beyond reproach. Moreover, the words of the mysterious "Preacher" only resume their full significance when they are repeated or commented by one who is at the far end of life. If he have a tincture of "Modernism" as well, it will be no great harm; the cultured obscurantism of "Ecclesiastes" is fair game for all sorts of inquirers.

It seems curious, though no doubt an Anglican theologian could explain it, that two so widely different writers as St. James and the "Preacher" should generally be coupled together for the purposes of this Sunday. In some ways they are extraordinarily similar; both, in our Authorized Version at any rate, are obscure and lucid by turns. But one was a man of culture, the other wholly unlearned; one was a disillusioned moralist of few beliefs, the other a missionary zealot inspired with a robust faith. Both St. James and the author of "Ecclesiastes" are admirable instances of salutary obscurity in literature. With the former we suspect it is lack of art that is the cause of obscurity; the difficulty of forcing out his meaning leads him through a series of hard sayings to a gem of literature and religion. Through what a wilderness of apparently inconsequent counsels and observations, often, it is true, of the highest poetical beauty, does he lead us to the conclusion, which, by the way, he does not treat as a conclusion:

> Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

The brightest flash comes out of the darkest cloud.

The obscurity of "Ecclesiastes," on the other hand, is due either to lacunæ in historical criticism or to a failure to incorporate its results in the translation. The general meaning of the two chapters is invincibly clear, and, though sometimes the sequence of ideas is a little difficult, the meaning of most of the individual verses is within the reach of the slowest intelligence. But when we come to such passages as the following:

> The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd;

or:

> Give a portion to seven, and also to eight—

what are we to think? Each passage has no doubt its explanation—most probably it has many explanations—but the commentary on "Ecclesiastes" does not fall into everyone's hands. Nor would the elucidation of these particular passages solve the general problem of obscurity in literature or religion. It is the duty of the human mind to seek answers to all the questions that baffle it, but it is certain that its successes in this matter will be outnumbered by its failures.

Personally we have arrived at a state of not wishing for an explanation of either of the passages we have quoted or of many others in sacred and profane literature. There are many stanzas of Browning and Swinburne, many verses of the Psalms that we could repeat from memory, with the liveliest pleasure and with moderate accuracy, but "As to the meaning, it's what you please," as Calverley says. These two verses of "Ecclesiastes" have fitted themselves into their place as an integral part of one of the supreme pieces of literature, and "meaning" in their case "is no great matter." But we will go further than this and assert that the occasional presence of a complete and unfathomable obscurity is of positive value to a work of art. We do not

want to live in shadows, but a patch of shade here and there is good for the mental as well as for the physical eye. To preserve our attention we must have moments of pause; and this reminds us, in parenthesis, that we had long regarded as one of the best instances of salutary obscurity the line from the second part of "Faust":

Vier sind die Pausen nächt'ger Weile.

It seems to open a world of imaginative possibilities to the reader, and at the same time to awaken his attention for what is to follow. We have unfortunately seen a plausible explanation of the line, which, however, does not wholly destroy its imaginative qualities.

We regard the two chapters of "Ecclesiastes" as a kind of inverted sonata, containing three movements, of which two are slow and severe, and the middle one rapid and passionate. We have experienced a kindred sensation at a performance of the C minor Symphony of Beethoven. Here also we are confronted, though in a different manner, with the magic of the inexplicable. It is where the curious vague third movement merges into the fourth; a succession of drum-taps, growing fainter and fainter—an undefined and nearly inaudible rumor in the orchestra—a long period, or what seems a long period, of almost agonized suspense, and the great movement bursts in triumph on the ear. In the eleventh chapter of "Ecclesiastes" we hear the drum-taps, we feel the suspense; in the twelfth comes the burst, not of triumph, but of inspiration, followed inevitably by the cold march of the recessional. And for the completeness of the miracle we have to thank the superlative skill of the translators, and their recognition of the virtue that lies in a beautiful obscurity.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Making of a Business Woman" by Anne Shannon Monroe seems to prove that the Business Woman is born and not made, for the heroine of this tale is a Business Woman in every fibre long before she enters upon any actual business. As she starts her career, speeding far from home, friends and teaching to engage in business, vague and undefined, she "grins like a Cheshire cat in glee." Her struggles are highly successful, and if the reader does not exactly see the making of the woman, he sees at least her development and the making of a business, a home, a fortune and a hinted match. The only seeming touch of pure fiction is the achievement of enthusiastic enterprise on a long-continued diet of crackers and potatoes. One questions also the possibility of a character who can and does swiftly, subtly and successfully lie to her landlady early in her career, yet can maintain a sense of business honor finer than that of any of her competitors. Aside from this the book is so genuine that it needs the assurance of author and publisher that it is fiction and not autobiography. It is of absorbing interest to all classes of readers. Henry Holt & Co.

By way of discouraging the readers of his "The Secret of Lonesome Cove" from fancying that no mysteries remain to be explained after they perceive the main-spring of the intricate movements which have occupied them for twenty-one chapters, the author, Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, presents them with another, in a dedication

"To One Unknown," the only living person who can tell why a strangely-clad and manacled body was found beneath the Cornish cliffs, one April night, three years ago. Mr. Adams's generosity is entirely unnecessary, for the number of persons who require any further bewilderment than he furnishes for them will be infinitesimal. None of his characters are transparent, his mystery presents a score of fresh solutions at every glance, and not once seems near exposition. What more can one ask? A pretty heroine? Mr. Adams gives them one possessing that charm which surpasses all beauty, and she combines it with steadfast faith. The two friends who work together to discover the "secret" are fine specimens of manhood, and the author's interpolated comments on the tale are cleverly turned. Mr. Adams, it will be remembered, is the author of "Average Jones," but "The Secret of Lonesome Cove" is a far better novel. Bobbs Merrill Company.

Native good sense, wide reading, and a very extensive knowledge of children's tastes and needs, gained through many years of service as head of the children's department of the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh have enabled Miss Frances Jenkins Olcott to make her volume on "The Children's Reading" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) the most helpful and timely book of its kind that has yet appeared. In this book, Miss Olcott discusses the influence of good books on children, the effect of bad books, ways of stimulating children's interest in reading and of guiding it, and the place and scope of different sorts of books,—fables, ballads and romances, poetry and rhymes, fiction, history, biography, travel, and books of useful information and of religious suggestion. She supplements her general suggestions with specific recommendations and lists of books. The book is brightly written and may be commended without reserve to teachers and parents and all others who are interested in the development of the minds and the shaping of the characters of children.

Calling to mind the tepid placidity of American parents and teachers when Frœbel's ideas first dawned upon them, and the number of years that elapsed before the adoption of the kindergarten as part of the public school system, one must feel that Dr. Maria Montessori is fortunate in the century of her birth, and that the United States are fortunate in hearing of her work almost at its dawning. It is not too much to say that thousands of mothers and teachers are eagerly awaiting the information given in Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "A Montessori Mother," yet it is only five years since Dr. Montessori established her first Casa dei Bambini in Rome. She herself is still investigating the child's nature, intent upon giving children freedom in their self-teaching; still seeking to convince adults that the idiosyncrasies of each child are to be held in reverence, are still in a state of pupilage, but mothers and teachers are listening for her next word. Mrs. Fisher, when she recently returned from Rome, was beset with inquiries and letters about the Montessori methods and her little volume is her answer. She graphically describes the proceedings in a Montessori schoolroom for children from three to six years of age, giving pictures of the marvellously simple apparatus by which the child is made a happy self-helping, self-educating creature with a profound sense of responsibility, at an age when his parents were little more than mildly discontented puppets in the hands of loving parents. Her book will fascinate all lovers of children, and all who remember their own childhood. Henry Holt & Co.